

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

APRIL 1900
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PRICE, 10 CENTS A NUMBER; \$1.00 A YEAR.



"—the doctor, moved even to tears and sobs called upon the company to drink the health of Nageeb Fiani."

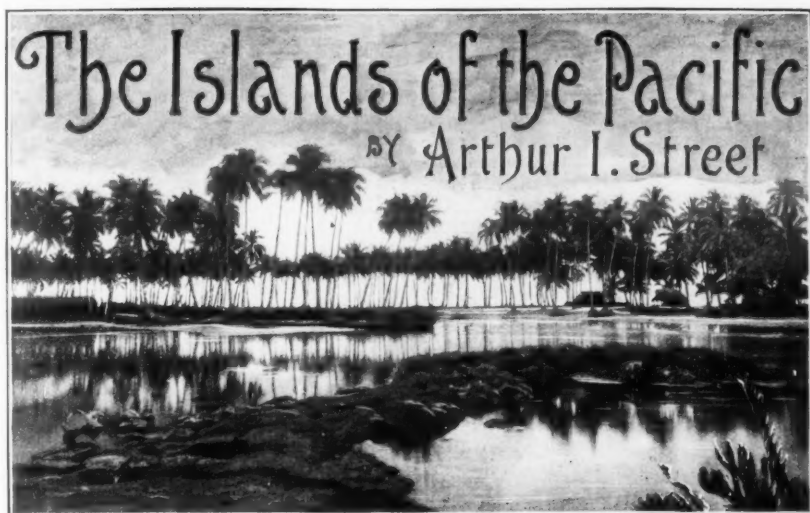
—"*The Greatest Player in All the World.*"—p. 206.

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VOL. V.

APRIL, 1900.

No. 3



Typical Coral Atoll.

Showing the prevailing character of the remoter Islands. Coconut Palms, from which the principal product Copra is taken, fringe the Atoll.

BRITISHERS who foresaw that by the acquisition of the Philippines, the United States was tumbling into the cauldron of the Orient, doubtless comprehended the geography of the situation much better than the average American. They realized, as the American is just beginning to realize, that the Asiatic continent does not come precisely to an end until it dwindles down, island by island, to the minute ocean speck 10,000 miles from Manila, known as Easter Island, and that, as the nations recently have been digging iron claws into the shore and boundaries of China, so they have been contending for three centuries to own the best and most of the thousands of islands, big and little, which lie to eastward of Hong-Kong and Canton.

Holland owned Java in 1600; Spain owned the Carolines in 1700; France sent convicts

to New Caledonia in 1800; Germany annexed a portion of New Guinea and the Marshalls and the Carolines almost at the beginning of 1900, and England has always been in the middle of the mess by having placed her flag from time to time upon Australia, Borneo, New Guinea, New Zealand, the Fijis, and every piece of water-surrounded land that has not already belonged to some one else. Now, when by accident or providence or commercial quest, the United States tries to hold up the flag against the pot shots of the Filipinos, the British know that Uncle Sam is as thoroughly in the midst of the islands of the Pacific as Great Britain would be in the midst of the United States if she tried to plant a colony in the plains of Nebraska.

The Philippines are surrounded on all sides by islands belonging to one power or another of Europe. It is only a step from the domain

of the polygamous Sultan of Sulu to the autocratic, syndicated domains of British North Borneo. It is only a little farther from the pinnacle of Aguinaldo's Luzon to the lower point of the island of Formosa, where the Japanese are wrestling with a stubborn rebellion against the mission of civilization than America has encountered among the Tagalogs. From Borneo it is only the width of the British channel across the waters to the Dutch Celebes; and from there to the conglomerate New Guinea, where Dutch, English and German alike are tussling with the intractable Papuan, it is only as far as it is from Maine to Virginia, or from Denver to Omaha. British red is blurred all over the map south of New Guinea and beyond New Zealand as far eastward as Chatham Island. The French intervenes between British Fiji and British Australia, and the tricolor floats far out on the Society and the Paumotu and Marquesas Islands more than six thousand miles from Hong-Kong. The passage from the American Hawaii to the American Manila is through archipelagos, which either belong to Spain or have belonged to her, and are now a portion of the aggressive German empire.

Indeed, from the point of the Straits Settlement and Cochin China, from the bulge of the Asiatic continent at Foochow, from the thumb-like projection of Corea, out into the Pacific Ocean and more than half way across it, the Asiatic continent extends in broken pieces and scattered spots, like a piece of glass dropped flat; with all the Asiatic complexity of international ownership, suzerainty, spheres of influence, and struggles for possession. Imparting reality to the orientalism of it, is the spreading of the offspring of China over almost every considerable portion of the broken area. As in the Philippines, the Chinaman is the master of trade and commerce until the advent of the American, so he is and has been in all the principal islands of the Pacific. He has hunted the repulsive foods demanded by his overpopulated home country, or trafficked with European adventurers so shrewdly and profitably that he has become a figure of an importance that incoming nations cannot overlook in calculations of empire. With his exceptional powers of adaptation, he is even invading Hawaii, and compelling the United States to abandon its ancient prejudices against contract labor, and to permit a modified form of slavery in the "gem of the Pacific."

The Pacific Ocean westward of Hawaii and the Marquesas is like a federation of European nations on Asiatic soil, united by the free commerce of the seas. The nations vary in size, strength and importance, as the states of Europe or of the American Union. Great Britain commands the field with a landed area of nearly three million and a quarter square miles. Poor Spain's once magnificent empire is shrunk to less than fifty square miles, a smaller total than belongs to black King George of the Tongas. Holland, the country from which emanated the doughty Boers, owns over 735,000 square miles, settled with nearly eight times as many people as inhabit the larger area owned by Great Britain. Germany, the new civilizer among nations, has dominance over more than 100,000 square miles and about as many people as there are miles. France, with less than one-tenth of Germany's land, is at some of the most important points of strategy and at the point of greatest travel. Several independent states lie in the midst of this federation as Switzerland does in Europe; several others in the unhappy, suzerain position of the Transvaal in South Africa.

If all the islands could be put into a continuous body of land, they would form a most heterogeneous empire. They would include, in addition to European peoples with their various political and social systems, a tangle of aborigines, a confusion of savages and semi-civilized cultivators of soil and commonwealth, an emporium of products more diversified than a bazaar on a midway plaisance, a mystery of traditions as inexplicable as the origin of the American Indians. Profoundly forested in the Dutch East Indies, the islands become in Western Australia more barren than the lava beds of Eastern Oregon, and more irredeemable than the uppermost wilds of British Columbia. Fertile, balmly and luxurious in the beautiful lands of New Zealand, Fiji, Samoa and Tahiti, they are transformed into uninhabitable coral reefs or into hot and malarial beds of struggle in the guano-covered or copra-producing dots on the map north and east of a line drawn from the Philippines to New Guinea, and through Samoa to the Society Islands.

Considered from the point of view of what grows in them—which is, after all, the point of view of most people of to-day—the islands present everything from the wheat of Argentina to the pepper of Guiana, and a host of things found neither in the tropics

of South America, nor in the hot heart of Africa, nor elsewhere save within their own abnormal spheres.

Beginning with wheat and live stock and the ordinary edibles and utilities grown in Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand, there is a rapid multiplication of strange and unusual products as the zone of output moves north and west. The Dutch West Indies are like the northern regions of South America, putting forth the best coffees from Java that the coffee world affords, the nutmeg which flavors men's milk punches and wom-

Eastward from the coast is the home of the cocoanut and the pineapple, and the bread fruit, which does not endure exporting, to say nothing of the universal banana. Along the shores of the farther islands the natives and the Chinese, who from time immemorial have been invaders, gather pearl shells and the long, slimy snails, called *beche-de-mer*, one of the most popular courses on the tables of the well-to-do in China. In choice spots among all the islands, spots becoming constantly less discoverable, the oriental food hunters find the delicate



Harbor of Levuka, Former Capital of the Fiji Islands.

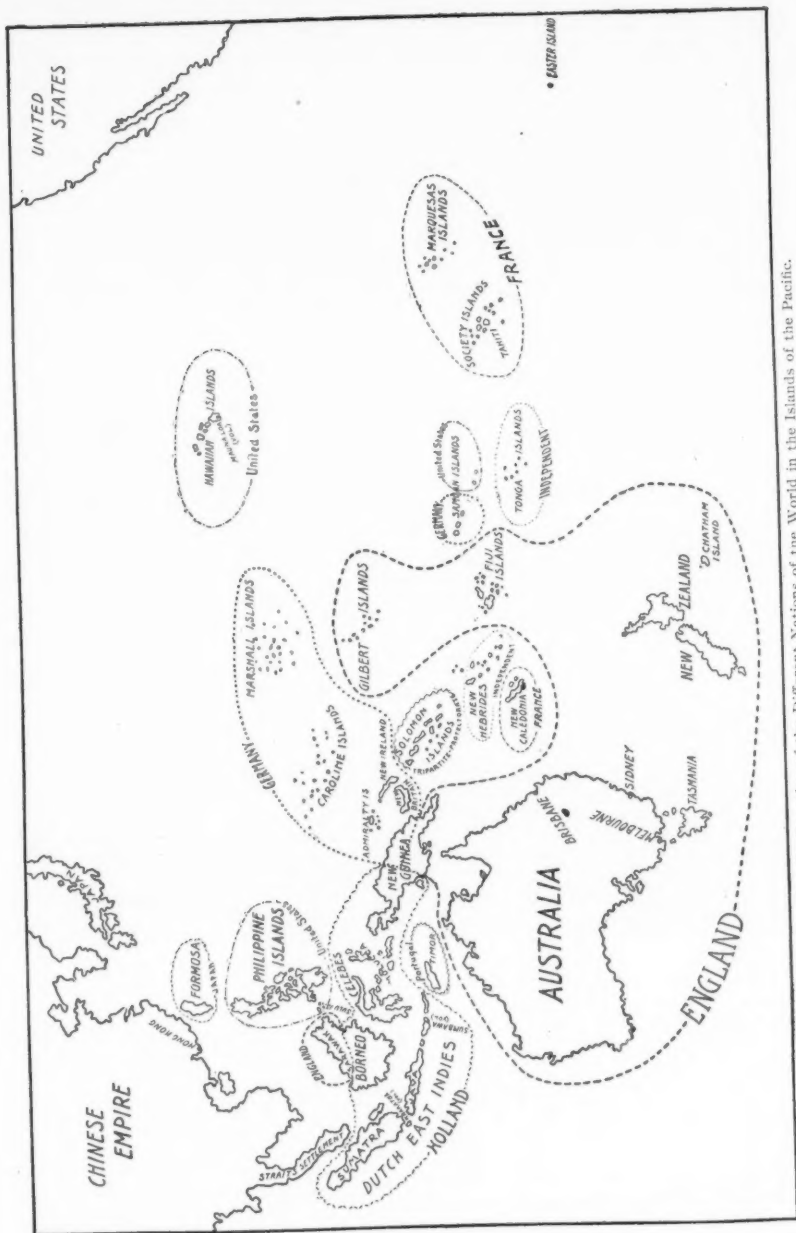
en's baked apples, the camphor that cures wives' headaches, the pepper that supplies taste to the far-gone palate, the ginger that brings tears to the eyes of the small boy and balm to his suffering midriff. From the same regions comes also the valuable teak to calk ships and upon which much of the future merchant marine of the South Pacific is likely to depend.

From Java and Sumatra, up to the Philippines and Formosa, is the chief source of the world's supply of straw for hats, of ropes wherewith criminals are hung or sails set, of matting for floors.

birds' nest, for which mandarins and financial potentates of the Mongolian kingdom pay \$250 per pound that their cooks may make them soups from it.

There are mineral, metal and timber resources as yet little more exploited than those in the Philippines. There are possibilities of agricultural cultivation, which have not been sounded save in the southern islands where John Bull has put the aborigine beneath his solid foot and ventured to transform the semi-tropic regions into the likeness of his home country.

Tobacco is growing richly in most of the



larger islands, and cotton has been tried with such success that the South Sea Island product is a considerable factor in the cotton market price lists. Some sanguine prophets look to a time when this cotton crop of the Pacific will be a serious competitor with our Southern states.

No full reports of the products of the islands are available in their entirety, but some conception of the business done may be obtained from the accompanying table of imports and exports of the principal districts:

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS, 1899, TOTALS.

	IMPORTS.	EXPORTS.	TOTAL.
Hawaii	\$ 7,682,628	\$ 16,021,775	\$ 23,704,403
Philippines	41,342,280	16,100,000	57,442,280
Fiji	1,243,740	2,159,300	3,403,040
New Guinea	234,855	249,295	484,150
New South Wales	108,721,750	128,755,360	237,477,110
New Zealand	41,152,645	52,616,450	93,769,095
Queensland	27,145,955	45,477,785	72,623,740
South Australia	35,631,925	34,642,075	70,274,000
Tasmania	6,838,040	8,722,305	15,560,345
Victoria	77,272,410	83,698,350	160,970,760
West Australia	32,092,825	17,700,490	49,793,315
New Caledonia	2,996,864	2,208,422	5,205,286
Tahiti, etc.	1,900,319	1,575,334	3,475,653
Dutch East Indies	64,394,924	67,339,653	131,734,577
Tonga	372,305	324,455	696,760
Samoa	329,630	239,195	568,825
Other French Islands ..	718,145	592,290	1,310,435
Sarawak	3,701,394	3,557,868	7,259,262
Total	\$453,772,634	\$481,980,402	\$935,753,036

The native peoples and races of the islands are almost as mixed as the products, varying from the yellow-skinned Malay who hugs the Asiatic coast, from which he appears to have sprung, to the thick-lipped Papuan in the central islands, and the mild-tempered Polynesian in the outer islands, where the missionaries were first able to gain a permanent and peaceable foothold. There are languages and dialects of all kinds and characteristics. Thirteen dialects are enumerated in the charts for the direction of navigators, and perhaps three times as many are to be discovered by the scientist when he applies his lingual microscope to the situation. Several tribes of the islands have so far advanced as to have invented written form for their

language and to have accumulated some literature.

Within the current year Professor Agassiz, of Harvard University, has engaged in an expedition throughout the islands collecting scientific information. It is the first comprehensive undertaking of the kind by an American since the official United States Exploring Expedition made in 1840. Prof. Agassiz' results will probably be chiefly beneficial in disclosing to the rest of the scientific world the vastness of the field which yet remains to be cultivated. In the

Pacific Islands are the last of the pure barbarians, the unadulterated children of natural surroundings. Among them is a task for the archæologist to discover whence the races, their migrations, the causes of their decline; a task for the philologist, to recover and preserve their languages; a task for the philosopher, to analyze and edit their myths and superstitions, their primitive reasonings and their untutored habits.

Similarly, through the whole scope of modern human interests there are new undertakings for all who may care to arrive at results that are impossible elsewhere. There is a tremendous field of effort and study for the hydrographer, to plot the devious seas and the sunken coral reefs which, like Sable Island on the Atlantic Coast, are ocean

graveyards. There is practically no limit to the work for the constructive commercialist, the man who builds cables and inaugurates steamship lines, the makers of cities and commonwealths that shall fix the centres of trade and navigational distribution. There



A Solomon Islander.

are harbors to improve, and railways to build, as they are now being built in Borneo and New Guinea, and as they have long since been built in Java and New Zealand. There are unexplored regions for the courageous. There are industries to develop—cotton manufacture to be tried, iron and steel to be found and made. Here, in a word, is the only portion of the earth remaining untouched by the arts and ways of civilization.

Of course, here also is the enemy of civilization—a climate which man cannot rectify, a climate that saps away his life with subtle fevers. Here is isolation and helplessness in time of trouble. Here is remoteness from home, and an environment sometimes of savages, sometimes of aggressive white men against whom one's own government cannot protect one with sufficient promptitude to save estates or investments. Here are reefs to wreck the ships in which one's commerce may be carried. Here are tornadoes to tear down one's houses, earthquakes to destroy cities, and volcanoes to wipe out islands and to devastate entire communities. Here are places which are precarious and places which are splendid. Man may or may not have his choice, according as the freaks of nature choose to do with him. Withal, it is a colossal region to try human skill and to test human endurance, or to reward hu-

man pluck and genius; while over it all hangs, like a cloud of warning, the terrible influence even the best of men may not escape—the ruinous lethargy of hot climates.

If it be westward that the Star of Empire takes its way, Uncle Sam owns the upper and perhaps the best, and France the lower and less useful, gateway into this new world. At Hawaii is the natural midway between the warm and genial Pacific Coast and the hot and luxuriant districts of the tropics wherein most of the Pacific islands lie. At Tahiti is the radial place below the equator, a little less removed from the centre of heat

and farther from the origin of travel than Hawaii. Both abound in beautiful scenery, in temperature alluringly equable, in life and habits half indolent, half industrious; in products both tropical and semi-tropical. Both form an admirable pre-



A Fiji Girl.

paration for the things beyond. The soldier boys who stopped in Honolulu on their way to Manila had their

first taste of bananas and pineapples as they come directly from the field. They wished that they might stay in the soft and luscious air forever; that is to say, those did who did not remain long enough to be down with the fever or to be sent home in the hearse ship. For there are fevers in Hawaii, as in almost all the islands of the Pacific:

On the other hand, travelers who have passed the exquisite locks of Tahiti harbor have lingered in rhapsody until little of the English language was left to them with which to extol the virtues of Samoa and New Zealand.



Fiji Native in Aboriginal Costume.

At Hawaii begins a series of landscape features to be found nowhere else save in the Pacific islands. At Tahiti is picturesqueness of harbor common to practically every insular body in the ocean. Old Mauna Loa, with lurid outpourings, is a type of a volcanic area which spreads over and often under the entire western portion of the Pacific. The famous Krakatoa, in the Malayan archipelago, burst its roof and sides in 1884 and carried toward the heavens one and one-eighth square miles of earth, tossing it, as if it were a cannon ball, 36,000 feet into the air. Almost every island has its volcano, and some of the islands have nothing else throughout a range of mountains traversing their entire length. On Timor, in the lower end of the Malayan archipelago, was the colossal Sumbawa volcano, which went into history in 1815 with a roar heard 1,200 miles away, and with a destructiveness that carried to oblivion all but twenty-six of a total population of 1,200. Seismic disturbances go cheek by jowl with volcanoes, and many a small island, shaken by the earthquake, has slipped its green head unexpectedly under the water, drowning its denizens and disappearing from the researches of sci-

ence. The great island of Borneo, three times the size of Britain, is so situated that a rumble of good proportions in the subterranean bowels might, by causing a subsidence of five hundred feet, wipe half its surface from the sight of man.

The three peaks which tower in colored grace above Tahiti Bay are brought back to mind by other features, quite as beautiful in Samoa, where the United States has lately acquired final ownership of the harbor of Pago-Pago, said to be unrivaled in the Pacific; in Borneo, where the great harbor of Sandakan is fed by thirteen rivers, and where Brunei, a city set upon stilts and having a floating market of canoes, is popularly known as the Venice of the South Pacific; in the Moluccas, where the peaks of Tidor, with their symmetrical lines, surmount the harbor of Ternate; in British New Guinea, where the Fly River rivals the Mississippi in being more than 600 yards wide and forty feet deep at a distance of 150 miles from its mouth.

If civilization is to work backward from the east to the west, as the Chinese and the Russians seem inclined to force it to do, Holland and Britain divide with the United



Vailima, Stevenson's Home in Samoa.

States in owning the gateway. Dutch Sumatra closes the portals to the passengers from India; British and Dutch Borneo and the American Philippines close it to the passengers from China and Siam. And in these territories there is even a more apt and conclusive introduction to what lies beyond than there is in Hawaii or Tahiti. In Sumatra and in Java are footsteps of the ancient civilization which entered the Pacific islands centuries before European navigators went in quest of spices and jewels. In the same islands are the crude savages who have never yielded to the advance of the civilizer; and in the extreme northern point of Sumatra are the Achinese, who are still the

Also in Borneo, as over in New Guinea and latterly in the numerous islands belonging to Germany, is a subsidized syndicate engaged in the work of promoting the development of the island. It is typical of the method by which all the larger areas of the ocean have been exploited. The Dutch East Indies Company was the pioneer in the spiced areas of the Moluccas, the Celebes, Java and Sumatra, until the government found it necessary to take the direction of the complex problems of the islands more closely into its own hands. The German New Guinea Company is not only working out the possibilities of New Guinea, but is conducting the farming of cocoanuts and the provision



Market Square in Mainbun, Island of Sulu.

pirates they have always been, preying upon the shipping and wealth of the more cultured nations across the Malacca Straits. In Borneo—although driven back far into the interior now—are the head-hunting Dyaks, the most typical of the many head-hunters of the Pacific. In Sarawak, on the eastern coast of Borneo, are the comparatively independent natives that have been held in control for more than two-thirds of a century by the lone and extraordinary Britisher, the Rajah Brooke and his nephew. These are types of numerous rugged fellows who have immured themselves in marine wildernesses, and practiced such cunning and strength as might belong to their nomadic and curious natures.

of the shipping in the Marshall and the Gilbert Islands.

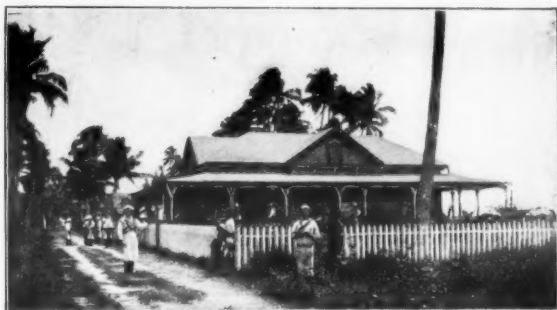
Taken all together, there is in the Dutch and British East Indies the complete story of the evolution of the western portion of the ocean empire, as there is in Hawaii and Tahiti the story of the evolution of the eastern portion.

Looking beyond the gateways and over the whole expanse of maritime empire, both a romance and a logical history, both an interminably confused and a logically adjusted roster of physical facts and possibilities are visible. As already indicated, the islands close to the Asiatic shore are heavily forested and densely productive. It is in these that the first European settlement began and

the first chief item of trade in the European interests in the Pacific islands, namely, spices, was recorded. In the islands further eastward the productivity diminishes, and it is in these that, by a process of exclusion, the second movement of Europeans, nearly a century after the first, took place, exploiting the second great product, namely copra. Still further out in the scattered and isolated isles, where the coral and the cocoanut palm may be imagined to sing songs of melancholy isolation to the accompaniment of the ever-roaring ocean, the variety of the products shrinks to less than half a dozen species. In these islands, by the still further process of exclusion, the third and last of the original popular movements into the Pacific took place.

The first navigators sought spices, as men now seek gold in the most stubborn and inaccessible of nature's wilds. The Dutch inhabited Java and Sumatra and the Celebes

plotters. Then they were compelled to turn their enterprise and ingenuity to artificial cultivation. Spices still constitute a very large export of the Dutch East Indies, but still larger exports are tobacco and coffee which the Dutch colonial system has been farming for more than a century.



Dr. Raffello's Cottage at Apia, occupied by Blue Jackets from U. S. S. "Philadelphia."

It was the same with cocoanut and copra, as with spices. Those who first found it exhausted it, making great fortunes while they worked it, but leaving it, like all virgin fields when once they have been ruthlessly farmed, a place to which succeeding generations must apply the genius of reconstruction and cultivate where once it was necessary only to harvest. As the adventurers and fortune-hunters transferred their interests from the cocoanut to the newer offerings in remoter islands, the followers in the hunters' wake entered upon an era of planting and artificial care. Much of the central area of the island empire became and still remains subject to systematic efforts to grow and harvest the cocoanut, sago, banana and pineapple.

Promiscuous gathering of tropical fruits is rapidly ceasing.

Guano was the substance of wealth found in the remoter islands, but guano is like mineral, it does not reproduce itself, and the gathering of it lasted only a few years, sufficient in number to build up a few firms



Pijian Islanders Making Kava

and the Moluccas for the peppers and gingers and camphors and other trenchant palatables. But with the greed characteristic of those by whom wealth is acquired too easily, they exhausted the natural resources, or quickly depleted them to a point below the needs of the increasing number of ex-

and found or enlarge a few fortunes. Traffic in it has almost ceased to be an industry of the ocean. Little remains to give evidence of its size and importance save the shattered flagstaves which the hunters erected to show the protection of their nations, and the fact that guano islands still remain on the maps as the possessions of various countries.

Of raw and natural products in the Pacific there are now left only the big timbers of Borneo, New Guinea and the Dutch East Indies, and the minerals whose extent or richness has not yet been ascertained. Borneo is exporting wood to China and Japan. New Zealand has long since furnished to the world the valuable Mauri pine. Coal is found in Borneo in quantities of which no general estimate has been made; in Sarawak to the extent of an annual product of 22,780 tons; in New Zealand to the extent of 840,000 tons; in Dutch Sumatra and Borneo to the extent of 25,150 tons. Gold is found in New Guinea, where it is fairly well worked; in New Zealand, where over 280,000 ounces were produced in 1898, and in Borneo, where its resources are still unexploited. Tin is found in the Dutch island of Banca. Nickel, chrome and cobalt are exported from New Caledonia. Silver has been mined thus far only in New Zealand, whose annual product of the metal is only 184,000 ounces.

In the development of the productive aspect the islands of the Pacific have followed the general law of continents, passing from the period of virgin yield, through the era of planting and cultivating of indigenous substances, to the introduction of foreign foods, and finally into the period of manufacture. The latter period has but just begun, extending only as far from the larger islands as the Fijis. It has yet to reach those where cotton has been grown.

As the processes of civilization multiply, the population by the whites increases and the natives yield to the pressure, declining either in numbers or in spirit, and, declining in spirit, declining eventually also in numbers. Now the ratio of whites is small in most of the islands, as in German New Guinea and dependencies, where it is only 500 to 110,000, or in the Gilbert group, where it is only a handful to 20,000.

Savages and cannibals are almost creatures of the past. Either they have receded to the more distant inlands, as in Sumatra, Borneo and New Guinea, or they have remained only in the islands with which the whites have little to do. Cannibals are still found in New Britain and New Ireland, the

Admiralty and Solomon Islands, and on the outer members of the New Hebrides group. A crew of wrecked British mariners were eaten on the Admiralty Island as lately as in January of the current year.

With the passing of the natives comes, or will come, permanently, as well as inevitably, the ascendancy of the white man, and with the ascendancy of the white man comes politics. No more complex mesh of local and long distance political relations is conceivable than obtains in these islands. Uncle Sam's problem in the Philippines is only a fraction of what lies beyond and around his new domain. The government schedule of the entire continent of Europe with Swedes in the extreme north, Slavs on the extreme east, Turks in the south, Latins and Celts on the extreme west, and Anglo-Saxons and Britons on the north and west, does not compare in complexity with the situation in the international empire of the Pacific. Down in the East Indies is the system of compulsory cultivation and perpetual lease practiced by the Dutch as a means of controlling and making useful the more or less unintelligent natives. In Sarawak the native is under the voluntary domination of a white rajah. In the Fijis and New Zealand a nominal and active government is conducted by civilized electors, aided by native chieftains of limited power. In Samona is, or has been, the tripartite suzerainty of Germany, France and England. In New Guinea a territorial area is divided between three nations. In the New Hebrides is neither local kingship nor chieftainship nor European dominance, and yet there is European suzerainty shared in by three powers; and in the Solomon Islands, where savages still survive, there is the like situation. In New Caledonia is a remnant of the convict period of Australia, where the population is gradually being made up of ex-criminals on parole, and where the unpenalized residents when they talk of employing help, remark, nonchalantly: "*Je préfère l'assassin.*" In Tonag is a native, a black king. And in Hawaii is the spirit of republican annexation.

What such a confusion of affairs may develop into is a matter beyond conjecture. Prior to the entrance of Uncle Sam into the empire by the acquisition of Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines, affairs seemed to be proceeding peacefully enough. Each nation, or each independent group of islands, wrestled with its own problems and laid its own plans without throwing purposes or struggles into the face of others. The only rumor

of impending disputes emanated from Samoa, where the difficulties were long since adjusted in the tripartite convention, a form of settlement which had previously been employed successfully with reference to Borneo, New Guinea, the Hebrides, and the Solomon Islands. But as German aggressiveness and German determination to expand trade caused the trouble in Samoa, so the question of harbors and trade dominance gradually asserted itself, only waiting for the Spanish war to bring it to issue.

America's difficulties with Spain changed the question of trade dominance for the moment to the question of naval position, and the nations began a struggle for naval and coaling stations. When the United States, hitherto the most peaceful of all nations, jumped into the arena and acquired authority and the direction of commerce by military force, the other nations had no alternative but to scramble for strategic posts. A period of fortification, mercantile diplomacy, and remodeling of tariff sheets and of political relations thus set in, whose importance cannot easily be measured.

When Uncle Sam took Manila, Emperor William wanted—and now has—the Carolines. When Uncle Sam began to talk of his cables to Guam and Manila, France made

talk of independent wires to all her colonies. Then the British scheme for cable connection between the Australian federation and the extreme end of the British North American possessions received an extraordinary stimulus.

To protect his route to Manila, Uncle Sam wanted a naval station at Guam; he revived his claims to Midway, and he planned elaborately for protection of Hawaii. Then he went in for the Nicaraguan Canal, that he might transmit his ships the more easily from New York to defend his new dependencies. Britian, far-sighted and masterful, has required the United States to pledge the neutrality of the canal, and thus has opened the way for the nations of the earth to enjoy common facilities with the United States for reaching their dependencies. Since Uncle Sam may not fortify the canal, Germany and England and France and Holland are brought almost as near to their Pacific possessions as is the United States. The United States is placed directly in the path between the nations of Europe and the nations of Europe as they are repeated on the continent of Asia and in the waters of the Pacific. It is impossible not to see that Uncle Sam is in the cauldron.

"Double, double, toil and trouble,
Fire burn and cauldron bubble."

WAR

By ARTHUR STRINGER

From hill to hill he harried me;
He stalked me day and night.
He neither knew nor hated me;
Not his nor mine the fight.

He killed the man who stood by me,
For such they made his law.
Then foot by foot I fought to him,
Who neither knew nor saw.

I trained my rifle on his heart;
He leapt up in the air.
My screaming ball tore thro' his breast,
And lay embedded there.

It lay embedded there, and yet
Hissed home o'er hill and sea,
Straight to the aching heart of her
Who ne'er did wrong to me.



THE GREATEST PLAYER IN ALL THE WORLD

BY

NORMAN DUNCAN

THE doctor wore the only silk hat in the Quarter—an alien, supercilious hat that coolly asserted the superiority of the head under it as it bobbed along. It was rusty and ruffled, antiquated as a stove-pipe; but it was no less important to the influence of his words than his degree from the Faculté de Medecine de Constantinople and the fame of his skill. It was a silent, sly declaration-intent of distinguished position—an inexhaustible inspiration to dignity in a squalid environment, and, always, it brought salaams from right and left, and a clear way. For the pristine gloss of it, and for the militant manner of superiority that accompanied its wearing, the simple tenement dwellers of lower Washington Street—which is the neighborhood of the great soap factory, and the hive of expatriated Syrians—accounted the doctor equal with Mac-Namarra of the corner saloon, who wore his only on Tuesdays, when the Board of Aldermen met, and on certain mysterious occasions—such as when the Irish have sprigs of green on their coat lapels. This was important to Nageeb Fiani, the dreamer, who had a pastry cook for a partner and kept a little shop just where the long shadow of the soap factory chimney reaches at two o'clock of a midsummer afternoon. The people knew for themselves that there was no greater musician than he from Rector Street to the Battery and in all the colonies of the Quarter; but the Doctor Effendi said that there was none greater in all Syria!

There came a time when the doctor—that important one!—said even more. When Salim, the little son of his sister, coughed his last, and sighed most plaintively—and sighed—and gasped—and surrendered to the lung trouble, Fiani denied himself speech

and sleep for three days and three nights, and caught a tearful strain from the music that sounded always in his soul's ears—enraving—elusive; even as he himself has said.

On the second of the lonely nights, Khalil Khayat, the editor, made his accustomed way to the little back room of the pastry cook shop for coffee and congenial company; and he was early. Immediately Billal Tahan, the thrifty partner—he who was the cook—went to him, wailing: “Oh, Khalil, Khalil, misfortune has fallen upon me! I am crushed flat like a cake. O-o-o-o-o! Agh! Now for two days has Nageeb, the Idle, had the key turned upon himself. Would that I were two men in one! Can a man be in the kitchen and at the counter at the same time? If I cook, I cannot sell, and if I sell, I cannot cook. And how can a man sell that which he has not cooked? Must a cook sell? Is the dog to be harnessed to the plow? Am I to sell or cook—or cook what I sell—or sell—o-o-o-o!” Tahan collapsed utterly under his perplexities. He panted his indignation; every vagrant hair of his great mustache quivered, and his red, starting eyes overflowed; he flung himself into a chair, threw his apron over his head and wailed on unintelligibly.

“Bass!” exclaimed Khalil Khayat, severely. “It is a saying: ‘I save my tears for times of sorrow.’ It may be that Nageeb Fiani plays on the violin?”

“Like a rusted shutter swinging in the tempest. O-o-o! There is no end to it. Though I beat on the door with a rolling pin he will not stop.”

Khayat smiled in his kindly way. Then he sniffed—abruptly. “Had the watchman not slept,” he said, significantly, stopping to

sniff again, "the vineyard would have yielded fruit in more abundant——"

"Toshi, Toshi!" screamed Tahan. "Thou idiot! The baklava is burning." He was already in the kitchen, leaving two chairs, legs uppermost, and the half of his apron in his track.

Then Khalil Khayat, with the light of pure, sanguine curiosity in his eyes, tipped up to the room where Nageeb Fiani sat in darkness with his violin, and he put his ear to the keyhole and listened—and listened—and put his ear closer, and held it so until his old back ached; and so still was he that the rats scampered madly over the dark hall floor, in all unconcern, surely taking him for a bit of furniture newly moved in. He listened a long time; and when he got to his corner downstairs his coffee was cold, and the coal on his narghile, turned from red to gray, had eaten up half the tobacco. He said no word that night; so no man knew what great thing was being done. But there was that in his solemn, wondering silence that led men to say, when he had gone: "*Kawkab El-horriah* of to-morrow will be worth the money Salim Shofi asks for it. Khalil Khayat has been thinking great thoughts for writing. It may be that he is to attack the Sultan again."

On the third night Nageeb Fiani came out of his room; and, when the rain had swept the noisy night traffic from the street, he played the new-born music for his friends and his friends' friend in the back room of the shop. It was then that the doctor, moved even to tears and sobs, solemnly said there was no greater player in all the world, and rising, called upon the company

to drink the health of Nageeb Fiani, his friend, the master of the violin.

"Aie-e-e!" all the people cried.

Now Fiani opened his eyes and looked up; and he was as though awakened suddenly from dreams of distant gardens. He rose to drink, as the custom is, and his glass was held high when the swarthy, bearded face of the doctor, and the pungent smoke that enwreathed it, and the naked gas, flaring behind, had not yet resumed their kindly familiarity. He was

sweating and white from the sorrow that smothered the music; his heart was pumping so fast that it dammed his throat with blood; so the arack would not down, and he spluttered and sank into his chair, wordless. Whereupon Khouri, the rich merchant, puffed upon his narghile so hard that he sucked the reeking water into his mouth, and spluttered, also; and Sadahala, the scoffer and scholar, grasped for the almonds and got the salt, instead, and munched it without knowing the difference, as Yusef, the boy, has told; and all the people cried "Aie-e-e!" again, and rapped the table until the little cups leaped half an inch and spilled their scented contents over the

green baize cloth. Then Khalil Khayat, that great writer, said he would write a song for the new music, to be sung in the winter evenings; but never did, for he could not find such tenderness in words.

All this came to the ears of the Quarter, and, then, no man of it doubted that Nageeb Fiani was, indeed, the greatest player in all the world, and certain persons, being curious concerning the matter, went to Abotianos, the Archmandrite's servant, who was



"If I cook, I cannot sell, and if I sell, I cannot cook."

a man in Aleppo (by some called Haleb) when Fiani was a grimy child there.

"Tell us," they said, catching him dozing in the sunshine in Battery Park, "what manner of child Nageeb Fiani was."

Abotantos screwed his gray, old face into a knowing leer. "O-ho!" he said. "You wish to know. Oh, no! I am too wily for that. I will not tell you." And he would



"—he put his ear closer, and held it so until his old back ached."

say nothing until he was persuaded that there was no money in the knowledge for any man. Then he answered, speaking as thus: Fiani liked the music when he was a little lad—oh, very small, surely not higher than the top of the bench—and an idle one, caring nothing for the profit of his father's business, and he was quick to hear the tinkle and cry, and always ready to quit work or play—it mattered not—to lie under the

window and listen, and listen, and dream. And when the famous Antoon il Halabee, the Egyptian, came to reside at Aleppo, Fiani was twelve years old, and would sit at his feet, and the father of the boy said that he might, and paid much money for the privilege, for he was a good man, and Nageeb would not rise from the floor nor stop his wailing until the words were spoken. For years Nageeb learned of Antoon il Halabee; then a time came when at Safireh and Danu (which are near by) they wished to hear him; then he played at other places, many miles away; at length the people of Aleppo began to say that young Nageeb Fiani played better than Antoon il Halabee, his master; whereupon the lessons came to an end, and the Egyptian betook himself to Cairo, where he now lives. Did not all men know that the fame of Fiani had extended from his home-town to Nejm and Killis, to Marah and Halebi, to the cities by the sea, and even to the rim of the Great Desert. Was he not known in Cairo? Had his name not been spoken in Constantinople?

"Sure!" Abotantos concluded, positive to the pitch of indignation. "They play his music in Syria to this very day, as the Doctor Effendi knows. There is none greater than he." The old man shambled off laughing scornfully that there should be found men with ears to doubt this thing.

When the spirit of revolution stalked abroad—as may be set down at another time—the Minister from Turkey came of a direful whim to the Quarter. To the doctor, as the most important of the Sultan's Syrian subjects in Washington Street, Hadji, servant to the Consul General, first gave notification of his coming. The Important One, having artfully concealed the chagrin for which, as he knew, the practiced Hadji was keenly spying, dispatched Nageeb, the Intelligent, Abo-Samara's little son, to inform the Archmandrite and the rich men of the Quarter, and put a flea in his ear, no more to give speed to the message than to impress the Consul's servant with his loyal appreciation of the great honor. Then he sent Hadji off to his master to say that the devoted subjects of His Benign Majesty, the Sultan—to whom might God, their God, give every good and perfect gift, as it is written—alien from his rule through hard necessity, but ever mindful of their heritage, his service, would, as little children, kiss the hand of him whom God had blessed with the high favor of the ruler of precious name.



"Nageeb Fiani, whom honor approaches, perchance you will soon be musician to the Mayor of N' York."

Having thus provided for his establishment in the good graces of the Minister, the doctor locked the dispensary door and threaded his way through the buzzing Quarter, seeking one Abo-Samara to warn him to whisper no sedition on that night as he valued the life of his father in Aleppo—as may be told again; seeking, also, Nageeb Fiani to command his presence at the reception to play love songs for the Minister.

"Nageeb," the doctor said, whispering nervously and in haste, "the Minister has come from Washin'ton."

"The Minister! from Washin'ton!"

"Himself!"

"Ah-h-h! Is it so?" Fiani stared into the doctor's restless little eyes, and his cigarette shook in his fingers—for why, his bashfulness told him.

"Within one hour he will be in the meeting room of the orthodox church. I—myself—have arranged it."

"The Minister?"

"The very Minister from Washin'ton! It is so." The doctor stopped suddenly; then continued in short, swift sentences: "I will have you play, Nageeb, I am as your brother. I will do this thing for you, that your fame may be increased. Yes, yes—I will."

"And I am to play!" Fiani tried to roll

another cigarette; but his yellow fingers trembled so that he could not.

"By my love and favor, Nageeb," The doctor puffed out his chest; his eyes bulged with the importance of the matter. "All things are as I will—by order of the Consul."

Now, Fiani cared more for the chatter of children than for the praise of great men; more for silence and familiar things than for a high seat in a public place.

"Doctaire," he said, weakly, plaintively, his eyes in awkward interest, on the gas flame, "what a great player is Tanous Shishim!" Gathering confidence, he continued: "Who excels him in swiftness and sweetness on the canoun? Let—"

"Nageeb," the doctor flashed, frowning, "the Arabs say that he who fears to trust his own arm will not prosper. This night shall you play love songs for the Minister." Out he strutted, his head held high, and left Fiani in a fever of trepidation, knowing that what the doctor commanded must surely come to pass.

The Minister was gracious and sober when Fiani began to play.

"Ah-h!" he exclaimed, commanding silence. "An artist! M-m-m!" He nodded his head in time, and sang: "La, la, la, la;

la-a-a-a, a-a, o-o-o-o. A great artist! La, la, la, o-o-o-o." Now he was tapping the floor with his feet and swaying his head and gently clapping his hands. Fiani lost consciousness of the circle of dark, glowing eyes fixed upon him. "La-a-a-a," the Minister sang, and the people hummed with him, swaying their bodies as he did. "La, la, la, o-o-o-o-e-e-e-o. An artist!" the Minister exclaimed again. "A great player!"

"Aie-e-e!" the people cried, and again: "Aie-e-e! Aie-e-e-e!" They noted the Minister's words, and nodded and nodded—each to the other as though to say, "It is even so. Nageeb Fiani is the greatest player in all the world." Awe touched the respect with which they looked upon him.

The doctor was the patron of all deserving persons; having a deep, red heart, and a pure little delight in the display of his influence. Now when, at length, the Minister—his eyes being heavy from the arack, and the fingers of the master weary with much playing—promised with maudlin munificence to decorate Fiani with the medal of art from Constantinople (which never came), at once the doctor was persuaded that there was not room enough in Washington Street for the glory of this master, and puzzled how his fame might be spread to the shadowy upper city—even to the palaces of the princes of the American people. In such pre-occupation he scandalously bungled the compliments he had shaped for the last address to the Minister—and suffered a commensurate loss of reputation.

"O Nageeb, talented one," he exclaimed, as, in the after-glow of the night's honors, they went swiftly, arm in arm, toward the pastry cook shop, "it is not enough that the people of Washington Street should praise you. Is your genius to be concealed from the great American people? It must not be so. I, myself, will arrange the matter, and thereby you will have greater glory and much—much money."

The doctor tapped himself on the chest and twisted his mustache to a proud angle. Fiani seemed to ponder his words; but, at length, he said, abruptly: "The Minister is a good man; therefore, is his master, the Sultan, a good man. What is all this foolish talk of revolution! Ha! Did you hear his words, oh, doctor? He said, 'He is an artist.'"

"I heard the very words with my own ears," said the doctor.

When they came to the little back room of the shop, Fiani called for coffee and

narghiles, clapping his hands sharply. He was strung to the highest pitch, and there was a new, strident note of authority in his voice that made Yusef, the boy, stop and turn and stare—and go on slowly, wondering, in his way, what had shriveled this man's gentleness of bearing. Soon the steaming cups were set out, the coals on the narghiles glowing, the water bubbling busily, the air heavy with smoke; the while, the contents of the cups exhaled a sweet, familiar perfume, obscuring all perception of the variance in the ways of peoples. The doctor leaned far over the table—Fiani stretched his neck; they brought their heads together, and talked as two conspirators.

"And now, Nageeb Fiani, greater glory is your due," the doctor whispered.

"I am a great player," Fiani said, reflectively, "a grea-at player!" He sent a great whiff of smoke swirling toward the gas flame, and absently watched it spread and disperse.

"You must have more money—much more."

"Call to mind what the Minister said. Did you hear—?"

"Yes, and again yes; he said 'an artist.'"

"Ah-h-h!"

"You are to have the medal of art from Constantinople. It is a great honor."

"Ah-h-h-h!" Fiani threw back his head and looked the doctor in the eyes with a sure, proud smile. He toyed with the long tube of the narghile, twisting it into odd shapes. "Ah-h!" he sighed again. "I am indeed a grea-at player. As a child I knew it, and now all men know it, even from the lips of the Minister himself."

"There is no greater artist," said the doctor. "Now, Nageeb Fiani, I know it for established truth." He tapped the table with his finger tips, to emphasize his words, as he said: "Is your name to be spoken but in Washin'ton Street? Is your music to sound only in the ears of the people of cellars and little rooms; wherein men live like sheep in a great ship? Shall this delight be withheld from the ears of the great American people? It must not be so. Leave the arrangment of the matter to me."

"How many months must pass before I pin the medal here—in this place?" Fiani traced a circle on his waistcoat, over his heart.

Swift, exclusive thought was contorting the doctor's face; at that moment there was no place in his bristling pate for such



"MacNamarra stared stolidly, and the sweeper and truckman, scenting a game, abandoned the lunch counter."

trivial speculation. After a silence, which Fiani had no interest to disturb, being busy with his own dreams, the doctor said, quickly: "I have thought of a way. Yes—yes! It is a sure way for wary feet. Nageeb Fiani, whom honor approaches, perchance you will soon be musician to the Mayor of N' York."

"Who is this man?"

"He is the ruler of the city." The doctor paused and continued, doubtfully, frowning: "Yet I have heard that there is one greater—whom they call the Boss."

"Ah!" exclaimed Fiani, catching at the familiar word. "It is for him the p'licem'n take tribute."

"It is so," said the doctor. "But the Mayor is great enough, for does he not keep the keys of the treasury in his pocket?"

"He will have to pay much," Fiani said, positively, "for so great a player——"

"Nageeb," the doctor interrupted, speaking impressively, "it may be that you have seen the Great Desert? Then, I say, if every grain of sand were a golden dollar the sum of all would not be equal to the wealth of this people!"

"Doctaire, y-you are my friend," Fiani stammered, staring. "I am in your hands henceforth."

The doctor went home with his shoulders back and his silk hat tipped haughtily forward. He pulled his mustache and puffed out his chest, thinking of the fortune he had brought to Fiani, as though it were already accomplished, until he jumped into bed, and when he got up in the morning he still had the artless conviction that MacNamarra of the corner saloon had some small appointment at his pleasure—it might be, as under musician to that spectral prince, the Mayor of New York. So he polished his old silk hat and scrupulously combed his beard and gave a staple, upward twist to his mustache, and drew on tight, yellow gloves—thus accomplishing a moth-eaten air of distinction. An hour later, he took Fiani in tow to the corner saloon; but the master had come into his humility again over night, and held back from the threshold, pleading to be permitted to go home. Then the doctor commanded, and the master followed in, like a reluctant trained dog, slinking, abashed; but the doctor carried himself boldly, presuming upon an acquaintance effected just before the voting was done—the voting of mysterious import and outcome. Alderman MacNamarra was found leaning over the bar, in glittering idleness,

talking to a truckman and a street sweeper, who busied themselves at the free lunch counter, where ham sandwiches and baked beans and potato salad were set out, and there was a single fork, which the truckman and the sweeper used amicably by turns.

"W'at'll ut be, boys?" said MacNamarra, leisurely, having sauntered the length of the bar.

"No, n-o!" the doctor stammered. "Eet—eet ees not a dreenk—no, no, not that. Meester MacNamarra," waving a hand toward Fiani, who salaamed and blushed and began to sweat through very bashfulness, "eet ees a frien' to me. Hem! I eenter-dooce Meester Fiani. I am now ask heem to play. Fine player—ver' fine. When he have play then weel I speak what—what eet ees een my min'." The doctor tapped his corrugated forehead illuminatively; and continued: "Ver' fine museek—Oriental museek. Ver' fine! Meester Fiani he play eet ver' good—ho, ver', ver' good; better than all Syrian people—not onlee een Wash-in'ton Street—no; better than the whole Syrian people een all—all the worl'! Meester Fiani he have—he ees an arteest. You have know when he play. Maybe there ees some a-ppointment for heem. Eet make good the re-la-tion-sheep between the Syrians and the great American people. Eet may be there ees one—who knows?—eet may be. When the Mayor—excellent preence!—have eat each day, maybe he like to have hear Meester Fiani play. I speak more when he have play." Again the doctor waved his hand toward Fiani, and said to him in Arabic: "Now, O Nageeb, display your talent, given of God."

Fiani fitted the butt of his violin under his chin, and sat down under a picture of the shattered battleship Maine, and was at once composed. The doctor withdrew into obscurity, like a showman, his introduction said. MacNamarra, restraining his guffaws only that there might be greater cause for them, stared stolidly, and the sweeper and the truckman, scenting a game, abandoned the lunch counter.

"I am now play for you," said Fiani, proudly, looking up; then, smiling like a child: "I am not play 'Hot Town.' American like 'Hot Town.' No, I am not play eet." He crossed his legs and hunched his shoulders, and let his head sink over the body of the violin. The look that made men call him the dreamer settled on his face. "I am play of Love—eet ees call 'Lali,'" he said.

"Ah! I mus' ex-plain," said the doctor, quickly stepping forward, and, with ostentation, slapping his hand with his yellow gloves, and his eyes were snapping with the pleasure he found in imparting something of curious interest to these knowing people. "Ah, yes! Thees museek, what he now play. M-m-m-m! Eet was made by a preence een Arabia who was blin'—yes, made for nine hun'ed year! An' eet go een one man's ear an' een the ear of hees son, an' hees son an' hees an' hees—many, many men—ho, many! An' now Meester Fiani he play eet. What you theenk?" The doctor looked around upon the company, exhibiting himself the astonishment he was persuaded must be in them, and went on: "Thees preence he love one ladyee. Ho, beau-utiful she was! There have been no ladyee so beautiful. An' she love heem not—no, not at all. How sad! Then he make thees museek an' go mad, an' die mad—yes, yes—die mad of love! What you theenk?" Again the doctor paused for effect; and Fiani ran his bow impatiently over the strings.

The "Song of Love to Lali" is full of the notes that cannot be written—of swift touches and light, fleeting pressure in awkward places; of hair's-breadth differences, of long-drawn notes, like the singing of a man's heart, even the heart of a strong man, of tremulous, wailing bow lengths and half-heard quavers. Now, there is a certain meaning in all—chaotic emotion; boast and plaint and beseeching, and deepest melancholy, and the conviction of hopelessness and crazed despair, and groan and gasp and the sigh of death; but the meaning is for such hearts as the hearts of the people of the blind prince who made the song and died mad of love—such as are born in the land; nor is the song to be understood by any other, nor by such as have not loved as he loved; nor can any man interpret it to a stranger, even as the masters of music say. To such as play it, it is as a shaded well, and to such as hear and know, it is as ointment to a festered sore; but to such as hear and cannot understand, it is as the slow turning of a wheel upon a dry axle—even, it may be, as a red mantle and the flare of trumpets to a nervous bull, and some—

The bamboo door was softly swung open, and Tommy Dugan, late from Ireland, peeked in. "Hi!" he screamed, turning out to beckon. "Fellers! Hi-i! MacNamarra's killin' pigs!"

Alderman MacNamarra of the elect of Tammany Hall, laughed. Mrs. Halloran, of

the tenement across the road, said, afterward, that she "t'ought a sody wather machane had bust—begob," but the sweeper and the truckman, who had had a part in that great noise, held with MacNamarra when he said that he had but laughed, and, in point of fact, there was nothing more—save the crash of glass, for the alderman's corpulent body fell limp against the bar, and rolled back against the gilded, mirrored sideboard, tumbling glasses and goblets into a litter and heap of shivered bits on the floor. Nor could he save himself, for he was breathless, and dared not let go his sides for the ache in them, and he collapsed behind the bar, where he lay, shaking like a mould of jelly and cackling apoplectically, until the sweeper and the truckman, themselves screeching, staggering, dragged him out in haste and slushed a pail of water over his blue face. Then he went home to bed, and had Mrs. MacNamarra call a physician and a priest, and to this day you cannot speak with impunity of the Mayor's under musician to Alderman MacNamarra for the alderman is apoplectic and afraid to die.

That night, when the last die had been thrown and the last coffee drinker had gone, and the shop was quiet, Fiani came out of the darkness of his room, bringing the violin with him. The doctor was waiting in the little back room, and had the gas turned low. Fiani crept in, shame-faced, and sat down; his eyes were shot with blood, and the lids sagged, as though from long weeping. For long was no word spoken; but these two sat together in that silent, mysterious interchange of sympathy. Then came the time when Fiani rose and drew himself up; saying with a proud face and a slap of his hand upon the table: "Oh, doctaire, truest friend of mine—still am I a grea-at player!" His courage broke again, and he flung himself over the table, one arm thrown over the violin, and his head on the other; and the noise of his weeping was very great. "La, la, la!" the doctor crooned, and he leaned over the master and stroked his bushy hair, still crooning, "La, la, la-a-a!" until the shoulders heaved less. Then he went out, sad at heart. When he came to the outer door he stopped and made as though to return; but he heard the violin wail like a sick child, and went his way with a brighter face, leaving the master to himself, to play again the "Song of Love to Lali."

NET RESULTS IN ALASKA

BY WARREN CHENEY



On the Beach at Cape Nome.

IT is now almost three years since the first wild rush to the Alaska gold fields. In that time much has happened to alter the complexion of the conditions as then understood. The area over which gold is found has proved to be much wider in extent, and the marvelous settlement of the territory has wrought enormous advantages of food supply through the increase of transportation facilities. It is within the life-time of most men that the whole white population of the Yukon Basin could be counted on the fingers of the two hands. For more than two decades there has been a steady occupation of the fringe of coast land from Douglas Island, north, and the rumble of the stamp mills has long been a familiar sound to the animals and the natives all along the shore. But the mines of this region, while wonderfully profitable when worked, required so large a capital that they never served as a bait to tempt the individual miner. The Klondike mines were placers. Every man who went in to them had an equal chance of finding new ground where, by personal effort alone, he might achieve a fortune. This appeal to the gambling instinct was really responsible for the madness of the Klondike rush. Ordinarily, when a new

business opportunity opens, only those undertake it who have some knowledge of the way in which the business is to be carried on. More or less careful calculation is made as to its permanency and the investor's particular fitness for the enterprise. But no one seems to consider that gold mining is a business that requires special adaptation and knowledge to make it a success. It is looked upon rather as a lottery in which are certain prizes sure to fall to the lucky. If they can get to the field of effort, most adventurers are sure that somehow or other they will stand as good a chance as the luckiest of not drawing blanks.

The business of mining, on the contrary, is as exacting of requirements as the banking business. The man who goes into Alaska with no knowledge of prospecting and no acquaintance with the methods of doing the work, must expect nothing but failure until he has acquired this knowledge and acquaintance. To-day so many people are in Alaska that main roads of travel have been opened through a large portion of the territory, and populous towns stand on sites marked as trading posts in geographies, or, more frequently, not marked at all.

Dawson City, in the summer of 1898, an-

nounced a census of twenty-five thousand people. Of this number, not all were men, as is commonly the case in a mining camp. An astonishing proportion consisted of women and children. Of the twenty-five thousand, more than one-third had disappeared before the winter set in. Many had gone out to refit and to return at the opening of the spring; many had departed for other camps. Cape Nome received a large proportion, and its population increased as magically as that of Dawson had decreased. It is this shifting character of the population which renders it almost impossible to obtain a strict census of white people in Alaska and the Northwest. If a count were taken at the same time in the different camps, a definite result would be obtained. This has never been done, and so far all estimates of population are of necessity speculative. A careful study of the figures furnished by the steamship companies, of the records of the various camps, and of the imperfect data concerning those who went in by sailing vessels and by the overland trails, tends to show that, up to the beginning of the present winter, about one hundred thousand people had entered Alaska. Very nearly one-half have come out again, so that what might be called the permanent white population of Alaska does not at the outside rise much above fifty thousand.

There are two general deductions that can be made from the facts at hand. The first of these is that we are only beginning to understand the extent and value of these gold fields; and secondly, that, this being so, it is not in human nature that there should be any immediate decline in the tide of migration toward Alaska. It is too soon to affirm that

all Alaska is gold bearing. There are large tracts of the Yukon levels where prospecting has never brought a color, and between the now paying creeks there is much ground that is practically barren of gold. But the areas of new discoveries have been widening constantly, and the gaps have been closing gradually, until now it is well established that

there is a promising placer district three hundred miles wide running through the Klondike from southeast to northwest clear to the Arctic Ocean. The discoveries at Cape Nome and along Norton Sound are the latest proofs of this northern extension. The Kotzebue country seems to be just outside it, to the north and east.

If, then, there is gold in Alaska that will take years in the finding, and the population at present and to be indicates permanent white occupation of the country, it is extremely pertinent to inquire whether or not it is worth while to try under the existing conditions to get this gold. This is not so easy a question to decide as would appear. Most writers on the subject have been inclined to take a pessimistic view. The waste of health, energy and money resultant from the unreasoning haste of gold seekers, the rigorous conditions of climate, the natural inaccessibility of Alaska limiting the search to people fitted to undertake it, have all combined to make prophets gloomy and advisers sour. It must be admitted, too, that the proportion of success

to failure has been pitifully small. It is probably a large estimate to allow that one in ten of the gross number of the adventurers has taken as much out of the mines as he put in. This would seem to show conclusively that mining in the Yukon does not pay. But a careful consideration of the conditions of the case will reveal that



A Cape Nome Trading Boat Which Cost \$700.



An Alaskan Indian.



Pillsbury & Cleveland, copyright, 1899.

Neulato on

this is not necessarily true. The general argument against runs somewhat thus: The output of gold from a given camp amounts to a given figure for a given time. A stated number of people has been in the camp during this period. It has cost each one of these people a certain sum for transportation, outfit and maintenance during the time allowed. Divide the total return by the number of people and thus get the return per man. Compare this with the cost per individual, and the result will determine the question of gain or loss.

The individual cost in these instances was rightly reckoned at from \$600 to \$1,000. It will be seen readily that the output of the camp must have been fabulous even to have equalled the aggregate of expense. The fallacy of this method of reckoning lies in this—that it is not fair to measure against the output of a camp the total expense of all the people in it, or to assume that because the outfit of an individual cost \$1,000 at the beginning of the rush it will continue to remain at this figure. Again, as a matter of fact, the output of the camp increases steadily as compared with a fixed amount of labor because of the increased efficiency of that labor through better understanding of conditions and through the introduction of better methods.

In any business enterprise we expect a large number of failures as a matter of course. The figures of the commercial agencies show that but one of ten enterprises is carried to success. As a cold-blooded business proposition, therefore, Alaska mining is as good a business venture as merchandizing or farming. What is more, the proportion of success to failure in Alaska is really greater than one to ten. It is estimated that at Dawson only one in six of the inhabitants is engaged in mining. The five are carpentering, keeping saloon, working for others, or waiting for something to turn up. The failure or success of the five should not be included in the miner's account. It is evident that with the smaller number to add items to the expense account the ratio of expense to return would be materially lessened in the miner's favor.

Another fact against the statement that the Alaska mines do not pay is the shortness of the period on which estimates are based. No man in ordinary business expects to make a profit of one hundred per cent. the first year on the capital invested. Usually a much longer time elapses before profit is reached. The conditions of mining in Alaska are such that no man can expect a material return from his claim until he has been in the country two years. As a rule, it takes a year



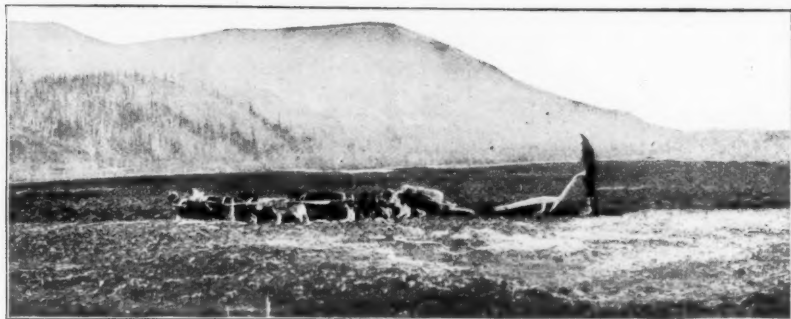
the Yukon.

to learn to prospect and to find a paying claim. This accomplished, at least a season must be spent in developing and getting the pay dirt into the dumps. At the beginning of the second season the real clean-up begins, and the miner finds his ultimate return. It is obvious, therefore, that the returns from a single year—especially as the mines have been operated less than three years altogether—are too incomplete to constitute a correct basis of estimate.

When the gold excitement began, there were but two ways of reaching the Klondike country. One was by the long water route *via* St. Michaels and the Yukon; the other, the wearisome foot journey over the mountains from Skaguay and Dyea, and the difficult voyage beyond. The country furnished absolutely no supplies. The man who brought nothing with him, found nothing to eat except what he could purchase from his companions at fabulous prices; and there was no possibility of obtaining a sufficient quantity from the agencies to tide him through the year. As a result, those without supplies were compelled to leave the country before the winter closed in. Even then provisions ran so short that all but the bare necessities of life were beyond ordinary reach. To-day the conditions are absolutely changed. Provisions can be purchased at Dawson or in the

outlying mining camps at the prices of Seattle or San Francisco *plus* a reasonable charge for freightage. The effect of this reduction has been to lower materially the cost of labor. Wages have fallen and the laborer works for less money; but the cost of living having decreased, he has the same amount of daily profit as before. The significance of the change is that the return to the mine owner is greater. Not only were existing claims affected, but the decrease in the cost of labor made it possible to take up work on many claims which before had yielded too little to the pan to be profitable.

In most Alaskan mines the ground is frozen down to bed rock. It is not till the moss and muck are off that even the hottest summer sun exerts a softening effect. In the beginning the miner built a small fire of dry wood against the line of pay dirt at the bottom of his shaft, covering it with wet green poles slanted down and close together so as to direct the heat as much as possible to one side. This was done at night. By morning the thawed out dirt had loosened and sunk upon the fire. The daily duty was to clear the mass above the gold-bearing gravel and the hoisting of the pay dirt to the dump above, where it promptly froze again and remained frozen till the sun thawed it in the spring. At first there was



Plowing With a Dog Team.

wood for all, and the cost of it was not great. But as the land was cleared, it became necessary to go further back for a supply, and the price advanced, till wood bade fair to become a serious item of expenditure. Yankee ingenuity, however, rose to the necessity. Thawing machines were invented. They do the work by steam effectually and with a material lessening of expense. Various other machinery has been introduced, making possible the doing of given work with less expenditure of time and effort and with a corresponding decrease in cost.

But even if it were proved in figures that the majority of those going to Alaska would fail, such an argument would not check migration thither. The fascination of gambling chance and the glamor of the wild new life of gold-seeking blind the eyes of the

daring to more practical considerations. The atmosphere of a mining camp is picturesque and full of interest. There is a savage freedom about it that appeals irresistibly to the man of strength and grit. It seems worth every risk to get away from the trammels of civilization and breathe the air of a land where conventions do not exist, and the struggle for advancement is the naked matching of man to man. Added to this spell is the witchery of the land. There is something tremendous in the scenery and the forces of nature shown in the raw. The vast treeless levels, the monotonous succession of snow-clad hills, the profound solitude of all regions alike, the oppressive clearness of an air in which there is never dust, the shadow of the great darkness that for so many months overhangs the land like a pall, all unite to suffuse the life of the Alaskan



Homes in Alaska.

The Tent is occupied in Summer; the Log Hut in Winter.

miner with a tinge of sombreness and mystery.

It is to be regretted that no Bret Harte has risen to fix in literature the interesting phases of this nomad life. The Californian gold fields were so long in settling that there was plenty of time to observe the mining life down to the last detail; but in Alaska the first conditions changed so quickly, that already the picturesque is wearing away. In the larger towns there is little to distinguish the life from that of older civilizations. Yet the country is full of men who have leaped to sudden fortune, and the stories of their triumphs serve as inspiration to all touched with the fever of discontent. Take, for instance, the story of Alex. Mc-

Donald, one of the best-known characters in the Yukon Valley. He is a great, lumbering Scotchman—born in Nova Scotia—who up to the time of the Klondike discoveries never had an idea of winning a greater fortune than that of the day laborer. He worked from mining camp to mining camp all along the Northwest. So slow was he and so awkward in his work—his feet entirely in his way and his bulk a misfit for the size of prospect holes—that he was reputed never to be able to hold a job for longer than three weeks. He was at Dawson shortly after the first locations were made on the Klondike. He went out with numerous stampedes, but never arrived in time to locate a paying claim. Finally he stumbled across a newspaper man named Hunt, who

had a claim on Bonanza Creek. Hunt had become discouraged because he had not the funds necessary to develop it. This claim McDonald purchased for three hundred dollars and set about developing it in his usual slow and aimless fashion. Finding the claim fairly rich, he put on a force of laborers and in a few weeks had taken out eighty thousand dollars. This sum he used immediately to purchase other claims. All that year he bought right and left everything of any promise that was offered him, often mortgaging the claims thus bought to buy still other ground. Many of the ventures came to nought, but a few gave such phenomenal returns that he speedily took the rating of a millionaire. Out of one claim on El Dorado



Col. Ray's Cabin, Fort Egbert, Alaska.

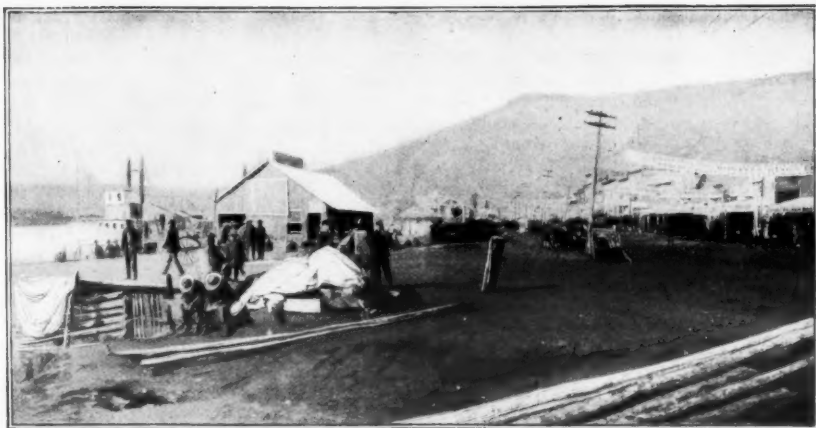
Col. Ray is the Commandant of the United States Military Forces in Alaska.

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Creek he shoveled twenty thousand dollars in twelve hours. To-day he is probably worth between two and three million dollars.

Many others came to success even more suddenly than McDonald. One man on Bonanza Creek took out ninety pounds of gold—about twenty-five thousand dollars—in a single day. A pan of gravel on El Dorado Creek yielded its lucky owner twenty-one hundred dollars. This same man cleaned up three thousand ounces of dust and nuggets from his first week's work.

At first sight it would seem that the like good luck might fall to any man, but the reality runs much the other way. The man of quick intelligence, of judgment and decision is not the man who ordinarily achieves this sudden wealth. It is the man who is too



Pillsbury & Cleveland, copyright, 1899.

Street Scene

stupid to know the risks he is taking, and it is the reckless man who plunges wildly and misses no desperate chance, who seem favorites of the god of chance. Nor do all good luck stories have such pleasant endings as the ones just given. Often after the "pile" is made, accident, disease or death steps in to prevent its legitimate enjoyment. One man dropped dead when at the weighing of his first clean-up he found himself a rich man. There was something wrong with his heart. He had the physical strength to make the fight against bad food and water, to endure the back-breaking toil of developing and working out and all the strain of the uncertainty that went before. The supreme moment of success was more than he could stand, and the use for the gold passed from him with its acquirement. A certain James Meade lay down with typhoid fever in an outlying camp just as he was starting for home with the accumulations of the year, and he and his bag of dust entered Dawson together on a litter. It took six men to bring him in—alternating four to carry and two to rest—and he paid each man \$15 a day. Once in Dawson, Meade seemed to grow better, and when his sailing day came he walked to the boat. He reached the wharf and fell dead as he was about to go aboard.

Here is a typical illustration both of the extreme hardships of the life and of how near a man can come to luck without striking it. Middleton was a young Englishman, slight and small and accustomed to all the refinements of civilized life. He had enough

money to buy a modest outfit, but had never camped out or roughed it before this time. He and his partner went in by the Chilkoot Pass in 1897 and tramped the whole way. They had a sledge and four Irish setters, with twelve hundred pounds of freight. The partner being the stronger, buckled himself into the harness and pulled as leader of the team. Middleton's duty was to walk behind the sledge and push. There are no roads, properly speaking, in Alaska. Except in winter the trails are sloughs of icy mud worked soft by the feet of the gold seekers. The slush is always over the shoes, and an unguarded step will plunge the walker to the waist. The Canadian government has done nothing to better the condition of the trails. This fact, coupled with the exorbitant fees charged the miners by that government, have led the prospectors, at more than one point on the trails, to set up boards with this derisive motto:

"Millions for tribute, but not one cent for roads."

The gold seeker himself carefully refrains from doing anything more to the trails than will serve to help him out of present difficulties and to carry him on his way.

The first important thing Middleton learned was to swear. Everybody swears in Alaska. There is belief that nothing of moment can be accomplished there without profanity. It is the safety valve that keeps men from madness when the pressure of the conditions becomes excruciating. Only Swedes do not acquire the habit, and perhaps it would be better if they did. Their natural slow-



in Dawson City.

ness of speech keeps them quiet under trouble, but the feeling is there just the same. The stress of bitter hardship is on all alike, and the effect is cumulative when it is not worked off. A story to illustrate the virtue of swearing concerns a Swede who had struggled through a long half day of small disasters. His patience was marvelous. He was wet and chilled. He righted his sledge after upsets in grim silence, and with a courage worthy of better luck. But along in the afternoon, where the trail skirted a hill, some sudden freak switched his dogs off to one side and sent the sledge and its load rolling down into the little valley beneath. It was nothing worse than had happened before, but somehow it snapped the last cord of his resistance. He stood for a moment, his hands above his head and his features working as if in a convulsion, then with a yell he dashed after the team, pulled an axe from the lashings, killed the dogs one after another, and smashed the sledge and load into little pieces. Suddenly reason returned. He sat down in the snow beside his ruined outfit and cried like a child.

To rejoin Middleton at the time of his learning to swear. The whole life goes on at such high pressure that everybody is on the verge of madness. It is the strain of the thing that counts. Middleton had his turn with the rest. Once, when slipping, he saved his footing by hanging to the sledge. His partner feeling the drag, promptly cursed him for adding to the load. When Middleton got down and pushed harder to make up for lost time, his partner sulked

and his head reeled with the added effort. When one of the dogs dropped on the snow to rest, the sledge stopped and each man turned furiously on the other. The words came hot and fast. Middleton noticed all at once that he was not talking, but simply screaming, and that he could not help it. Then things went away from him. When he came to himself his partner's arms were around him, and his partner's voice, as tender as a woman's, was saying to him:

"There! there! Take a brace, old man. In a minute you'll be all right."

In ten minutes Middleton was all right, and they were both laughing and plodding as before. It is this sort of thing that makes up the daily tragedy of the trails.

At Dawson they separated, and Middleton went out with the various stampedes, but always with the same luck. The last trip of this sort took him onto a tributary of Bonanza Creek about eighty-five miles from Dawson. He found nothing on his location, and after a week's work gave it up. The only man who seemed to have anything worth working was a Swede named Erickson. He was getting out a fair return to the pan. Middleton sat on the edge of the claim and envied him. It was almost noon of the tenth day after their arrival on the ground. The method of locating a claim when discovered is to drive posts at the four corners, blazed square, and on the blazed spaces is written the claimant's name. Ten days from this time is allowed the discoverer to prospect and to do certain work. But at noon of the tenth day he must add the word "re-

located" to the posts and go to the nearest recorder and file his claim. As Middleton sat and watched Erickson work, the critical time arrived and he saw that the other was so busy that he had forgotten what he had to do to make good his title. The thought came to Middleton to jump the claim. He waited till noon was well past, and then slipping to the nearest post sliced off the former blaze with his axe and wrote on it his own name. Erickson came out of the hole, saw him just as he was finishing the task and made for him. Middleton did not stop to discuss the matter. He hurried to Dawson to file his claim. The Swede followed, and the chase continued all the weary way. Middleton got there first and acquired title to the claim. He at once went back and began work where the Swede had left off. Erickson also returned and went to work on a claim a little distance above. Middleton was constantly afraid of trouble, but the Swede made no effort to molest him.

The ground, however, failed to pay its new owner as he had hoped. Gold was there, but not in quantity. Middleton had no partner, and no money with which to hire help. For the first fifteen feet of his shaft he could throw out the dirt with a shovel. After that depth he had to go down to fill the bucket, climb to the surface, hoist up the bucket and carry the dirt to the dump. Between times he chopped wood to thaw the frozen gravel. In this way he went down to a distance of sixty-five feet. Late one afternoon he had filled the bucket and had started to clamber to the top, when he felt the rope tighten and the bucket rise. He climbed hastily

out to see who was helping him. It was the Swede. He had watched the boy's lonely efforts until anger had passed into admiration of his grit, and had come over after his own work was ended to give him a friendly lift. Middleton thanked him as calmly as his alarm would allow. The Swede only smiled.

"Young man," he said, "I been watchin' you. What a man wants in this country is a strong back and a weak head. I think you're built too much the other way. You'd better go somewheres else!"

When his clean-up came, Middleton found he had taken out only about two thousand dollars. But this was enough. He looked at it and thought of the things it would buy in civilization. It was not a fortune, but it would take him out and give him a stake besides. A great homesickness came over him, and he knocked off work.

"Erickson," he said, "you can have this claim if you want it for fifty cents. I'm through with it, and I'm going home." The next day he was on his way to Dawson.

Erickson did take the claim, developed it, and during the next year took out of it over seventy thousand dollars!

Other true stories like these could be repeated without number, and because human nature is always hopeful, those who read them remember only the good side and forget all the hardship, peril and despondency they include. The hard luck stories outnumber the good luck ten to one; but the tale with the golden tint will be the one selected by each as the presage of his own luck.

It is a safe proposition for any able-bodied man, not over forty years of age, to go to



Two Views of a Miner's Cabin in Alaska.

Alaska and engage in mining. If he goes with the right understanding, and in the right spirit, there is at least as good a chance of success before him as if he had engaged in equally strenuous work at home. He should not go, however, with the idea of reaping sudden fortune. That is a gamble pure and simple, and should not be banked on. But honest work for a reasonable time is sure to bear a reasonable reward.

As an index of the increase in the gold output in 1899 the following figures compiled by Charles G. Yale, the statistician of the San Francisco mint, will prove of interest. No attempt has been made to segregate the output of the different sections except as between the Klondike or Northwest Territory, and Alaska proper. In fact, no accurate segregation is possible because the ways of sending out gold are so various that no close check on localities can be kept. The only general principle applicable seems to be that ultimately most of the gold comes to the mints to be coined. The mint reports coupled with the reports of the smelting companies and carriers is taken under proper checks to constitute the basis of the estimates given. In 1898 there came out of the Klondike gold valued at \$11,038,478, and silver whose bullion value aggregated \$208,156.57. From the Alaskan side the gold output for the same year was \$2,517,121, and the silver \$49,152 reckoned at bullion value. The figures for 1899 show the advance in output to have been large, though not so great as has been generally expected. From the Klondike came \$16,-

110,129 in gold, and \$114,617 in silver. Alaska produced \$4,917,921 in gold, and \$82,680 in silver. This is a gain for the Klondike of about forty-six per cent., and for Alaska ninety-nine per cent. The great increase of output from the American side is due to the Cape Nome discoveries—almost the whole of it having come from that point.

Furthermore, there are openings for capital in Alaska that cannot be found elsewhere. The little railroad from Skaguay to Lake Bennett has cleared a profit on its earnings of six hundred and seventy thousand dollars during the five months it has been in operation. Cape Nome has no harbor, and at least a third of the supplies coming ashore are lost or damaged in the surf. Capital is needed there to devise and build safe approaches. Coal is still seventy-five dollars a ton, yet there are immense undeveloped fields of it both in the interior and along the coast.

To sum the matter, mining in Alaska has been and will continue to be as profitable a venture as any legitimate pursuit in other lands. The ever-widening field for effort, the establishment of railroads, the increase of boat facilities on the rivers and along the coast, the permanent settlement of the country resulting in better sanitary conditions and safeguards for life, and the increase of the stored-up food supply so that it can never again be cornered because of a sudden influx of population, all combine to guarantee a rich future for the mining industry of the Northwest.



THE FAILING FOREST

By ROBERT BURNS WILSON

"One spreading tree, the last for many a mile;
Here will I rest," the tired traveller said.
"All else which makes a world were scarce worth while
If all the trees were dead."

So saying, beneath the giant shade which screened
From dust and heat the cool, sweet grass, he crept;
Against the huge and sheltering bole he leaned,
And resting so, he slept.

And while he slept an angel touched his eyes,
So that he saw the world as it will be;
Dried streams, parched fields, the blazing, cloudless skies,
And not one living tree.

"They would not heed," the angel said, "though they
Were warned in God's own voice each day, each hour;
These boasters of God's image and their sway,
Their wisdom and their power.

"From all the hills is gone the forest shade;
The earth's life and their own, alike, they killed.
For, in the desolation they have wrought,
Their own doom is fulfilled."

So terrible the dream, that with wild heart
The sleeper woke—and not from sleep alone.
The warning dread, in haste, he would impart
God's warning—not his own!

Surely the message would at last be heard,
From Nature men might earn their own reprieve;
There must be some flame-shod, convincing word
The hard world would believe!

But, as in the beginning, it is now,
And shall be, ever—man, the fool, was born
To jest his way to hell—"And who art thou?"
They said, and laughed, in scorn.

TEN YEARS' TRIAL*

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S STRUGGLE

By BRIG-GEN. CHARLES KING

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Eric Langdon, Lieutenant of Artillery, U. S. A., in garrison on the Pawnee River, has married a shallow and extravagant wife. In the fourth year of their marriage Mrs. Langdon dies, leaving her husband swamped in debt. In his embittered state he at times seeks the solace of liquor. Lieut. Langdon has two good friends, brothers-in-arms, Ronald May and Major Melville. But he has also an insidious enemy, Captain Nathan, a purse-proud, cowardly snob, who rejoices in Langdon's every misfortune. Finally, when he has struck one of his brother officers for insulting Major Melville's niece, Captain Nathan has him arrested and court-martialed. The verdict is dishonorable dismissal, but before he leaves the garrison, Langdon upbraids Captain Nathan for the hatred he has shown and makes the prophecy, that in ten years' time their relative positions shall be reversed. Captain Nathan does not find his popularity in the post increase after Langdon's dismissal. Meanwhile Langdon is in Chicago, trying to secure a position on a railroad. He is weak with hunger and the sense of his disgrace is strong upon him. The superintendent of the railroad is about to engage Langdon. One of the directors is a friend of Captain Nathan and from him has learned much of the inside history of the post, including Langdon's dismissal. As soon as this director finds that the man seeking a job is Langdon, he tells him to get out of the office. Langdon goes away miserable. He is in an almost fainting condition as he wanders through the streets, when he is taken in charge by two soldiers in uniform, who recognize him. Langdon is taken by these soldiers to Fort Sheridan, just outside Chicago. At the fort is Nelson, a classmate and former chum of Langdon's, who has the sick man put to bed in his own room. Dr. Armistead, the assistant surgeon, is called. In him Langdon recognizes the man with whom his wife's name has been unfortunately linked during her career in Washington. Langdon falls into a frenzy of hate. Armistead retreats, requesting Nelson to send for Major Bloodgood, his senior. Later Major Bloodgood is astonished to learn that Dr. Armistead has left the fort without his permission. The clash that follows between Major Bloodgood and Mr. Armistead results in a newspaper sensation about Fort Sheridan. Through exaggerated stories in the papers, the garrison at Pawnee learn of Langdon's reception by Nelson. Captain Channing, persuaded by Major Melville, is seeking to secure a position for Langdon on the Missouri Valley R. R., of which Channing's brother is general manager. Channing is mystified by a telegram from Nelson, reading that Langdon has disappeared from Fort Sheridan, leaving no trace.

V.

NINETY miles west of the "Big Missouri," and in the heart of the thriving town of Brentwood, the rival lines of the C. & S. and the C. & M. V., popularly known, respectively, as the "Seattle" and the "Big Horn," crossed each other and the beautiful stream that drained the valley. The Pawnees long ages ago had called it after the prairie wolf, but their despoilers, the Sioux, rechristened it Red Water, declaring it so thick with the blood of their hereditary foes that it had lost all semblance of blue; and Red Water it remained in name, at least, though it speedily lost the sanguinary tint and outvied all the storied streams of Indian land in that it never sulked and sank out of sight in beds of quicksand, never turned into raging torrent and tore things out by the roots as did the mountain-born "Minnes" and "Wakpas" that streaked the lands of the Dakotas to the north, never failed to freeze over in clear, solid ice at the appropriate time in the early winter and to bubble forth again, sparkling and smiling, in the early spring. Fed by innumerable springs and brooks from pine-crested heights where the snow lay deep all winter long and only slowly melted for the northering sun, draining a broad, beautiful and fertile valley through which it meandered in long, sweep-

ing, graceful bends and "reaches," moving serenely, steadily, placidly through mile after mile of fair and peaceful landscape, rarely ruffled by the gales that swept the uplands long, long leagues to the west, or stirred by the savage blizzards that tore through the Dakota wastes, it drew to its willow-shaded shores by hundreds the hardy settlers and pioneers—the farmer, rancher and herdsman. Brentwood became the market town and grew apace. Railways from St. Paul and St. Louis crawled, and from Chicago scrambled, thither, and before the Sioux were fairly out of the country, and the settlers fairly in Brentwood, the Red Water valley was the objective point of half a dozen corporations. Brentwood grew from market town to county seat, to railway terminus (a bad time that), to division station, with round house and machine and car shops. Brentwood dammed the Red Water and began grinding its own wheat before Minneapolis reached for it. Brentwood jumped from a population of fifteen to fifteen thousand in less than ten years, and now the Seattle and the Big Horn had handsome stone depot buildings. The St. Louis & Northwestern had graded to within ten miles of the town, and the Minneapolis and Southwestern had a spur that tapped mills, eleva-

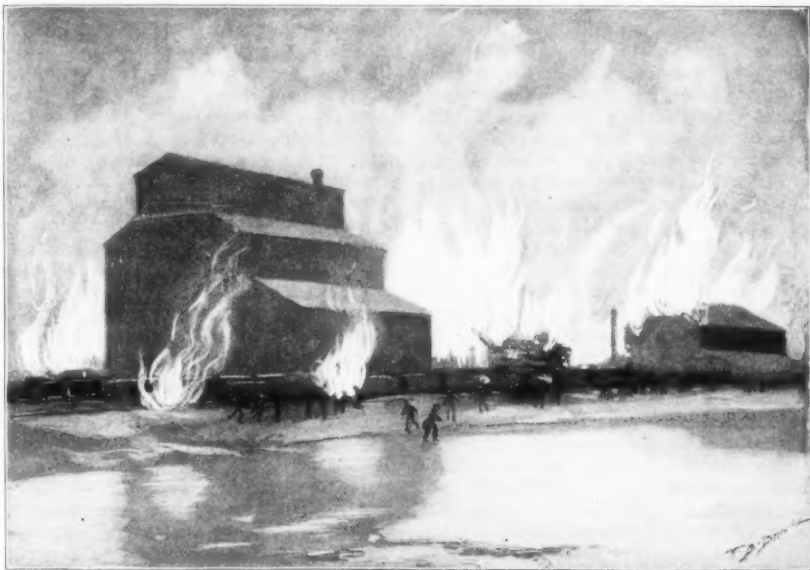
*"Ten Years' Trial" began in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE for December.

tors and factories, and a switch engine that screamed defiance at those of the big transcontinentals. The "Seattle" was not built through to "The Sound" by any manner of means, and the "Big Horn," for which its rival was named, looked very little when viewed from the outermost stake. But the grain and cattle business was tremendous, if through passenger was not. Chicago took all the wheat and corn and live stock the Red Water valley could spare and eagerly bid for more. But a bad time had come for the Seattle and Big Horn both. Long, long lines of grain and cattle cars, especially cattle, stretched westward on both main line and sidings from Brentwood. The mercury had dropped to within a few degrees of zero. A thousand horned cattle and five times as many sheep and hogs were clamoring for food and water and couldn't get it, for a thousand angered men in the various shops and yards of the Seattle, and as many in the Big Horn, had sworn no wheel should turn and no hand should minister until "the Road" came to their terms. If the trains had been passenger coaches, and the passengers hungry and thirsty women and children, the rule would have been the same. The strikers proved that in a later and fiercer grapple when the authority of even the United States was set at naught by the labor leader who established his headquarters in Chicago and checked the commerce of the world. But this earlier insurrection against law and order was serious enough in all conscience. For twenty-four hours only the mail trains had been allowed to leave the Chicago stations. For twenty-four hours east-bound passenger trains had been sidetracked at far-away towns in the interior. Train crews were coaxed or driven from their posts. The few determined and devoted men who remained steadfast were assaulted and mobbed, and away out here at Brentwood the division shops poured forth an array of strikers, who, aided by gangs of tramps from all over the West, and "toughs" from the Missouri River towns, were more than sufficient to bid defiance to a dozen sheriffs' posses, and to ditch a trainload of Pinkertons three days' march away. The National Guard were on duty in Chicago, and the Governor of Nebraska had ordered out such militia as was then organized. The people of Dakota just budding into twin star statehood, had appealed for federal troops, but at Brentwood the striker had full sway. Two companies of militia arriving to reinforce the local command found a

few of the latter wandering disconsolately about in small squads and civilian dress, the laughing stock of the town, the leaders of the strike having early and thoughtfully possessed themselves of their arms, armory and uniforms. Received with ironical cheers, the new comers sought to communicate with the sheriff at their instructions required. Polite and sympathetic citizens bade them remain aboard the train and they would be switched over into the yards of the Seattle, where the sheriff was reported holding out as best he could. They remained, were switched as promised not only to but beyond the yards; forty miles beyond, in fact, at breathless speed and bidden to camp there until they were hauled back, and to live meantime on the country. For over twenty-four hours the strikers had things all their own way and were jubilant. Then came the backward sweep of the tide. A wire from the south announced that regulars were in possession at Omaha, Council Bluffs and Sioux City, and that a little battalion was on its way to the relief of Brentwood, and still the starving and imprisoned live stock baa'ed, bellowed and squealed for food and water. Still passenger traffic was at a stand. The division superintendent and his assistants were powerless. Though they manned engines, threw switches and "braked" cars, the rails were soaped, the boilers foamed and their engines were "killed" under their very noses—all without violence of either word or deed. The strikers liked their division chief and hated to be at odds with him now. So long as only railway hands were permitted about the yards or stock trains there had been no wanton destruction of property, but to such scenes ever flock the blackguard element of the community, and the news that troops were coming proved an excuse for desperate deeds. That night the wintry sky above the Red Water reflected the glare of a mile of flame. Cars, grain sheds and an elevator went up in smoke. There was a barbecue where one section of a cattle train could not be rescued and run out in time. All this, telegraphed to Chicago and the officials scattered over the length of the road, called for strenuous action. The wires hummed with appeals and orders, and a calm, placid man, a dark, brown-eyed man, who looked the soldier in spite of civilian dress, drove into Brentwood at dawn the following day, sent certain telegrams to Eastern points, and one to old Fort Pawnee far away to the south, got a light breakfast and another buggy at the

hotel and drove out to the yards. When he returned, an hour before noon, the eyes of many citizens followed him in eager curiosity. The first of the regulars was here. At two o'clock the news was whispered about the streets that a big force of strikers had gone down to the narrows of the valley where the Red Water, turning from the rectitude of its ways, lashed and foamed between rocky bluffs and heights, and the rival lines, Seattle and Big Horn, twisted and turned for some twenty miles not four hundred yards apart. A troop train had left the river bent on forcing a way to Brentwood,

filled with men sauntering up and down or gathered in knots at the corners. It was a still, wintry afternoon, though but little snow as yet had fallen east of the mountains. Melville noted that all eyes were on him, but not in open hostility. Whatever the hands might have in store for the officials of the road or for trainloads of troops, their rancor took no shape against a single man, apparently, even actually, unarmed. Melville carried neither flask nor pistol. He was reflecting on the miscarriage of the plans for the concentration of troops so far as Brentwood was concerned, and wondering



"That night the wintry sky above the Red Water reflected the glare of a mile of flame."

and in desperation the strike leaders had determined to topple it into the stream.

It was but a few minutes after two when, through the Western Union, the stranger received the following dispatch:

MAJOR MELVILLE, U. S. A., Brentwood.

Nathan reports serious obstacles. Strikers opposing movement of train every mile. He has only 100 men. Four companies state militia go out by M. V. at once and may get first to Red Water Gorge. The two commands should act in concert.

(Signed) "CROOK."

The major replaced the dispatch in its envelope, stowed the packet in an inner pocket and walked slowly from the office into the slanting sunshine without. The street was

by what evil chance Nathan had been chosen to command the detachment ordered thither from the south. It was odd to think of light artillerymen being so employed at any time, but these were the economical days. Companies, batteries and "troops" could rarely muster more than thirty men for duty. Pawnee's garrison had been split up and sent to three or four important points, and, being senior in date of commission to the two cavalry captains sent with it, Nathan had been given the lead and Nathan looked anything but blissful when Old Cat ordered him off. "Leave enough men to care for your barracks, stables and gun sheds," said he,

"draw thirty carbines from the cavalry, let your men leave their sabres and go with carbine and revolver, then you'll be uniform with the troopers." Cat thought that when a soldier was uniform with a trooper he couldn't be better off; Nathan thought he couldn't be worse. Next to an Indian, Nathan hated a mob. Two hours from the time the orders reached him the command was ready to go, but not so Nathan. Two days from the time they started they were still two days' march from Brentwood, and their train met no detention whatever until it got well into Northern Nebraska. Then it was found so easy to induce the commanding officer to believe that the track was all torn up just ahead or that strikers had blown up or burned down bridges, that sympathizers with the wage workers kept up the practice at every station and Nathan was sending dispatch after dispatch to Omaha, the tidings of which, when it all came to be investigated, proved utterly untrue as the general held them to be at the time, and naturally he grew indignant and nervous. While most of the troops had been hurried to Chicago and the Mississippi crossings, the garrisons west of Omaha had been ordered to rendezvous there or go direct to other designated points in the Northwest. Brentwood was making no great trouble, was the first report. Two or three companies of state militia were all that was needed, according to the original views of the authorities, and they were sent there with the result that jeering telegrams came back to the magnates, the marshals and the military authorities called into action. All of a sudden people woke up to the realization that Brentwood was a railroad town, and the whole community practically in sympathy with the operatives. All of a sudden the news came flashing over the wires that Captain Nathan, with one hundred men from Fort Pawnee, had been stoned and compelled to retire when his command was detrained at Gunnison's, and though officers and men declared their readiness to push ahead afoot, their cautious captain forbade any man to push a foot ahead until he could again communicate by wire with department headquarters.

"What did I tell you?" growled the veteran Indian fighter, now taking his first turn of any consequence against the mob. "You've heard the old saying, 'an army of sheep led by a lion can whip an army of lions led by a sheep, and that's what's sidetracked now at Gunnison.'"

And at the very moment that Nathan was holding back there, alarmed and irresolute, with a hundred fighting men ready for any duty and chafing at their commander's inaction, another troop train came steaming into the station. Two alert, clear-eyed, sturdy men in civilian dress sprang from the engine cab, and at sight of the foremost the men who had so easily daunted the commanding officer of the first train, seemed to slink away. He dove into the telegraph office, spent a few minutes in sending and receiving dispatches, and in that few minutes the platform swarmed with a laughing, shouting, shoving, altogether hilarious crowd of young fellows in loose, flapping blue blouses and great coats, eagerly seeking something—anything to eat or drink. Aboard the first train, far up ahead was grim silence, not a soldier showed himself outside the cars. Orders were orders. Around this second train it seemed as though, officers and men in a bunch, the battalion of militia had turned out for a frolic. It didn't last long. A grizzled, sharp-featured little man in a major's uniform swung off the rearmost car and came up the track, three ties to the stride, his eyes snapping. So were his words when he got to the platform. He wasted none till within hail. "Captain Clark, get your men aboard your car instantly. Captain Geisenheimer, this is the second time I've spoken to you. Go to the rear car in arrest! Lieutenant Meinecke, take command of the company and the company to the car. I told you supper would be ready for all hands at five o'clock. It's only four. Back to the train every mother's son of you! Back!" And somewhat crestfallen, somewhat awed and abashed, yet realizing that the little major "meant business," back they went, still keeping up the semblance of jocularly by horse-play and racing. Then out came the first of the newly arrived civilians, followed by the younger—a silent man.

"All serene for ten miles, anyhow, major, but you might put four of your best men on the pilot and tender. We will be there, too. All right, Mac!" he sung out to the engineer. "We push ahead as soon as we get this gang aboard. Look at the regulars' train up the track. They're not straggling all over creation!"

"No, and they ain't gittin' ahead any too fast, either," snickered the station agent. "It's taken 'em two hours to come twenty miles, and now the cap's waitin' for orders."

"Then, by gad, that gives us the right of

way and the lead," was the gleeful answer. "We go on at once. How's that for high, major? Better come forward to the baggage car."

Then pandemonium broke loose on the rear troop train. The words went from car to car like wildfire that the regulars were side-tracked ahead, and "the boys," as they called themselves, would have the lead. From every door and window one head at least and sometimes two protruded as the engine gathered way, and presently rolled past the heavier but shorter train at the water tank. A chorus of yells of rejoicing, chaff and fun arose from the throats of three hundred lively young Westerners on their first campaign. Silent, sombre faces looked out at them from the other windows, though occasionally some light-hearted Irishman would fling back a laughing answer. Three officers stood on the rear platform of the regular train intently eyeing the on-coming engine. The guardsmen on the pilot were hanging to their rifles with one hand and the rail with the other. The tender seemed bristling with blue-coats. The keen, bright-eyed face of the railway official was peering forth from the fireman's side of the cab, and he waved his hand to the trio. None knew him, but all looked and saw, peering over his shoulder, another face. It was only an instant's glimpse, but a flash of recognition leaped into the eyes of the nearest. He leaned forward from the step and gazed after them as they rushed by, regardless of the jocular hails of the crowd in the cars. Then as the engine was shut from view, drew back on the platform once more.

"Whom did I see?" he repeated, in reply to a question asked by Mr. Torrance. "Eric Langdon—or his ghost!"

VI.

Midway up the Red Water gorge and ten miles southeast of Brentwood there comes tumbling and foaming down from the North a stream that is little more than a big brook eight months of the year, but is advertised all the year round as one of the scenic attractions of the Seattle Road, much to the disgust of the general passenger and ticket agent of the Big Horn, whose right of way is, in his opinion, twice invaded, first by the stream itself and then by the Seattle. Following the north bank of the Red Water, the Big Horn had to encounter all the engineering difficulty of laying out a stable

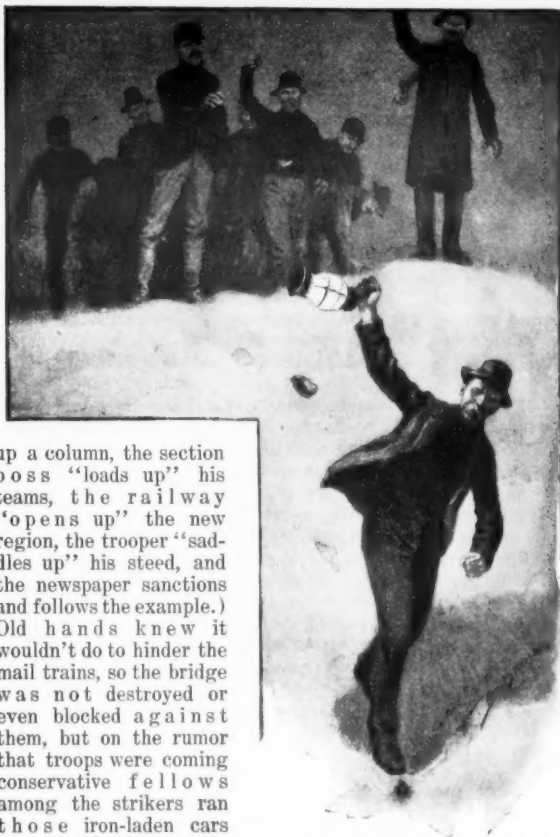
roadway across the mouth of this little tributary that, in the months of melting snows, became a boiling torrent, and the expense of constructing a massive bridge, while the spectacular effect was lost on its passengers because that right of way was scooped out at the base of steep, rocky cliffs that shut entirely the view of the cascade and rapids until the car was directly under them and was then too close to get the best effect. Whereas, from the opposite bank the passengers of the Seattle line, sweeping round a fine curve, concave to the north, were treated to a capital view not only of the foaming, spray-tossing little cataract and the leaping rapids back of and above the Big Horn bridge, but of the fine bridge itself and the really magnificent gorge of the Red Water between the lines. Big Horn people thought it rough that the "Seattle" should so profit by what was practically their property. Some of the directors advocated boarding up the whole north side of their steel truss, thus hiding the sight from Seattle's eyes. But, said others, that would spoil it for our own patrons, besides making it dangerous for the bridge, for whenever a blizzard did sweep from the north—a rare occurrence near Brentwood—it came for all it was worth down that self-same cross-cut gulch and beat in fury against the bridge at its foot. The massive stone piers were of double strength, and the staunch truss of tempered steel, that would stand any vertical strain the possibilities of railroading could heap upon it, had twice been perceptibly shifted by this lateral pressure. It was for this reason that a siding had been let into the bank for a quarter of a mile west of the bridge and a train of flat cars, heavily laden with railway iron, was kept there until certain guys and anchors could be made and set, and the bridge stiffened laterly; a long operation. The object was to run those cars out on the bridge, set the brakes, and by this vast increase of weight so add to its stability as to bid defiance when the elements threatened. The repairs had been made and that auxiliary train removed before the management was called on to resist a storm of far greater magnitude and very different character. But the siding was still there. "It may come in handy some day," said the division superintendent, and the day appeared to have come. Old hands minded them of that old train, and some flat cars were "loaded up." (The American is never satisfied with the powers of his own verbs, to add, to load, to

open, to saddle, and others of that ilk; he must, as he conceives, strengthen each by the superposition of "up," despite the fact that when correctly done there is no difference in the result of adding up or adding down. The school boy still talks of adding

bridge and then attempt to move the obstructing flats westward out of the way, their weight would break through the weakened roadbed and pile up a barricade of tangled rails and ruined flat cars, that, without damage to either engine or troop train, would effectually block their passage, since men and tools and the wrecking train would be needed to clear the track, and as matters stood on this 28th day of November these were not to be had.

And now at 4:30 in the wintry gloaming, silent save for occasional muttering, shivering a bit from mingled cold and excitement, a hundred or more of the hands, backed by twice their number of "toughs" and tramps, were gathered about the bluffs at "Bridge Siding," listening with all their ears for the first sound of the coming train. The rush of the Red Water over its rocky bed in the gorge below was the only sound that steadily bore upon the ear. Some few of the men, panting not a little, were laboring up the steep with hats or hands full of rocks. Over on the opposite—the southern—shore, the concave curve of the Seattle was lined for a third of a mile with sympathizing operatives of the rival road, and for a time shouts of encouragement to each other and defiance to the management had echoed from bank to bank.

Now, however, the gravity of the situation weighed upon the leaders, and in the mournful twilight the consciousness that they were "up agin the Government," as several expressed it, caused some of the older men, who had gone through a harder tussle to utter defeat in '77, to draw aside and confer together in cautious tones. From mere bravado an uncouth-looking fellow began climbing the telegraph pole west of the bridge, and the applause of certain among



"Somebody, at the same instant, lantern swinging, darted down the bluff."

up a column, the section boss "loads up" his teams, the railway "opens up" the new region, the trooper "saddles up" his steed, and the newspaper sanctions and follows the example.) Old hands knew it wouldn't do to hinder the mail trains, so the bridge was not destroyed or even blocked against them, but on the rumor that troops were coming conservative fellows among the strikers ran those iron-laden cars down grade to the siding, and there held them in readiness to be shoved out on the bridge the moment it was known the dreaded train had started from Gunnison, twenty miles to the east. One by one the heavy cars were then shoved across the bridge until the east approach and the span itself were covered. Then the more determined took things in their hands, also picks, crowbars and shovels, and so undermined the track at a point some twenty yards west of the bridge foundation that, should the troops succeed in reaching the

the tramp element, at other times the natural enemy of the train hands, attracted the attention of the leaders on the bluff. Instantly the query was bellowed from above.

"Hold on! What'n'ell are you at?"

"Cuttin' de wire, of course," was the shouted answer, and an unkempt face peered upward through the dim twilight.

"Let it alone, you damfool! We're runnin' the telegraph," and a down-spinning "donick" sent by no reluctant hand, skimmed so close to the fuzzy head that, amid jeers of derision now, the would-be wire clipper slid back to earth and skulked in among his cronies in the shadow of the bluff.

Barely two hundred yards away eastward across the deep rocky gulch, two men, muffled in overcoats and fur caps, had just alighted from a buggy. One, standing at the horse's head, nodded appreciatively.

"Hear that, major?" he asked. "They've not lost their senses, anyhow. I'll join you quick as I have blanketed and tethered the horse."

Silently the other bowed, and still standing at the edge of the little patch of firs that crowned the height, took from his pocket a small binocular, carefully studied the groups across the gulch to the west and then swept the line of the Seattle across the Red Water. Those on level with himself were in black silhouette against the pallid western sky. Those down across the Red Water were but dimly visible, for the sun was now behind a bank of cloud at the horizon, and it was nearly five o'clock. Voices and jeers, rising from the foot of the bluff where ran the line of the Big Horn, told that many men were still there, but they could not be distinguished. Observant of his duty, Melville had notified the sheriff of the new complication, and together they had driven out of Brentwood by a northeastern road until well away from town, and then, taking the first turn to the east, had swept round over the hard, smooth prairie highways and had finally come down along the east bank of the brook well out of sight of the strikers at the bridge, reaching their lookout in good time and without detection. Further tidings had come before their start to the effect that Mr. Channing, the energetic manager, was aboard the train bearing the militia boys. This could only mean that the situation to the east of the Missouri was now so far improved that the keenest officials were giving their main effort to the west. Even before the major had completed his calm, methodical survey of the situation

he was rejoined by the sheriff. It was then so near darkness that the stars were peeping in the eastward sky, and over across the rushing Red Water the glow of a little fire started by some of the Seattle crowd, lighted the rocky face of the railway cut and threw a gleam upon the waters.

And still no sign of the expected train! "Feeling her way," said the sheriff. "Dasn't take any chances!" A spike or two withdrawn, a fishplate removed on any one of the half dozen sharp curves along the gorge would shoot the engine over the bank and into the boiling waters, with car after car pitching atop of it. "Reckon 'twill be another hour before it gets here!" concluded he.

Melville made no reply. He was watching a little light swinging like the lantern of a train hand over on the southern shore and high up on a projecting point half a mile to the southeast. A moment earlier no light was there. Now it was swinging like a pendulum fire fly, swiftly to and fro. There was instant excitement among the strikers across the Red Water and over against them where the Big Horn leaders seemed to have gathered. "Comin' sure as death!" whispered the sheriff, and together he and the major strode swiftly to the edge of the cliff overlooking the single track at its base.

Away down the Red Water a faint rumble and the pant of laboring engine could just be heard above the rush of the stream, and presently the edge of a glowing disk came steadily into view, then the full glare of a headlight, which pointed an instant or two toward the opposite shore, swung across the seething rapids, dove into and under the bluff on the north side and disappeared from view. Behind it, snake like, trailed the dim line of glow worm lights of the troop cars and then they, too, were swallowed up in darkness.

"Runnin' keerful," muttered the sheriff. "They know 'nuff not to come head on and full speed. She'll pull up somewhere down here and send forward to smell the bridge."

In silence and suspense they waited. All voices were hushed along the rocky banks. For a few minutes even the panting of the engine could not be heard as the train burrowed through a deep cutting. Then, louder, clearer, nearer than before it sounded on the night, and a confused murmur of voices rose along the steeps. Angered and desperate as they were, few of the railway men could bear the thought of that train, freighted with human life, rushing on to destruc-



"The gleam of pick and shovel could be faintly seen."

tion. A light as of a lantern shot suddenly into view on the opposite bank. Somebody at the same instant, lantern swinging, darted down the bluff on the "Big Horn" side. A howl of rebuke and menace rose from the gang of tramps; a volley of stones and coal chunks shattered the glass and stunned the bearer, and then, almost as though in relief and rejoicing, a shout went up across the stream from which side the train was now in plain view. Above the mingled roar of waters and voices, sharp and clear could be heard the hiss of escaping steam. The engineer had shut off. The long train was slowing down, and presently, four hundred yards away from the bridge, it settled to a

crawl and soon came to full stop. Bending over the brink, Melville and the sheriff could see some half a dozen lanterns dancing briskly up the curving track, and presently clustered about a single spot. They had come upon the east end of the obstructing cars. Then the sheriff's voice was heard on the gathering night.

"Below there! Can you hear me distinctly?"

"Ay, ay!" was the answer, after a moment's delay.

"Then don't attempt to send men across yet. There's a mob waiting there. Major Melville wants to see the gentleman in charge."

Silence one moment, and then uprose a voice from below at sound of which Melville perceptibly started and bent more eagerly forward. It rang out on the night deep and resonant, in marked contrast to the "whang" of the Westerner's official tone.

"Who are you?"

"Hawkins, sheriff of Brentwood County," piped the answer.

A moment's pause, then "All right. Mr. Channing will be up there presently."

Ten minutes later the manager and Major Melville had clasped hands on the bluff and four men were gathered in consultation.

"You've got Langdon with you," were almost the first words Melville spoke. "I knew the voice at once."

"Yes, and he's a trump. Helped us more'n I can tell you in the week he's been with me. Damn those lunatics! They're firing rocks at the bridge now. D'ye hear 'em? And I've got to get on to Brentwood and save the rest of that stock."

Ten minutes of counsel followed. The veteran major was for leading his men straight across on top of the iron cars—they could not step from girder to girder in the darkness. There were other reasons besides this that caused Melville gravely to shake his head. In the glare of bonfires started by the tramps up the track and well back on the westward bluffs, dark groups of the strikers could be seen in excited conference. Others still were clustered a few yards west of the bridge, and the gleam of pick and shovel could be faintly seen. "Cutting out under the track," said Channing between his set teeth. "I expected that. But, we'll show 'em!"

Another quarter of an hour of silent preparation. Then, panting a little from the exertion of the climb, two of the four companies were lined up along the bluff facing the position of the strikers across the gulch. The other two under command of the major, knelt in the darkness on both sides of the track and close to the bridge. The engine, detached from the passenger car, ran quickly forward and, amid shouts of excitement not unmingled with warning, coupled onto the train of flats. Then arose yells of glee, defiance and delight from the dense groups of tramps and strikers on the northern shore. There was a rush away from the track and yells of "Look out! Stand from under! She's coming!" followed almost instantly by cries of chagrin and baffled hate. Slowly at first the massive train began to move, but, instead of the sound of bang and bump that told of a powerful shove, there rose a quick series of ringing, metallic jerks, at sound of which the leaders gazed an instant at each other in dismay, then led a rush for the bridge. Too late! Channing had outwitted them, and instead of shoving the train into the trap was drawing it into safety on the eastern side. Follow they dare not. There were two minutes of pandemonium, gradually dying away to silence, and then from across the deep ravine a voice they never forgot spoke out, clear, deep and powerful:

"Stand clear across there! We cover you with three hundred ball cartridges. Our workmen must cross the bridge and repair that track. If you give them as much as a shot or a stone, I order 'Fire!'"

(To be continued.)

UNDER THE STARS

By ARTHUR J. STRINGER

So high above, sad heart, the heavens bend,
These futile hands touch not their lowliest star!
Yet down from those vast unimpassioned skies
May yearn, from where we dream all sorrows end,
May yearn to-night some heart with saddened eyes,
Unto this world, where we and sorrow are!



Where the Indian Congress Meets. Council House of the Cherokees at Talequal.

THE INDIAN CONGRESS

THE LAST DAYS OF A DYING RÉGIME

By WADE MOUNTFORTT

ONE by one the tragedies which are closing the life of the American Indian are being fulfilled. Less than twenty years ago the Red Man ended his career as a savage and perished as a barbarian race when Geronimo, the Apache, laid down his arms in Arizona. To-day, in Indian Territory, where, long since, the custom of the savage gave way to the imitation and practice of civilization, even the privilege of being master of himself upon a peaceful and lawful basis is about to be wrested away.

Under the provisions of acts which are now being urged upon the national legislature, a full territorial form of government is to be inaugurated in Indian Territory. All that was left of the tribal governments handed down from Indian ancestry, and so

long enjoyed, and so long productive of happiness even under civilized laws, is soon to become only history. The proud Cherokees, Creeks, Chickasaws, Choctaws and Seminoles are to fall under the thumb of foreign rulers, their lands are to be allotted, their funds divided, and their country overrun by strangers.

It is a tale partly of white man's greed and partly of the inevitable conquest of the barbarian by the impatient agent of civilization. The five nations of the Indian Territory were originally granted self-government because they were too considerable in numbers to be conquered easily or permanently, and too intelligent to be forced under military dominance. It is claimed now, after many years of governmental experiment, that, no matter how successful

they may have been in controlling themselves within the scope of law, it is not good that they should be the masters of a country in which the white man has planted his industries and his financial enterprises.

The outlook is gloomy for the Indian, but he faces it in the spirit of fortitude and reconciliation that has been forced upon him by generations of schooling in wrongs which he could not right. He endures his situation stoically, but restlessly and with some alarm for his future. His is the first experiment America has ever made on a large scale in allowing the Indian to take care of himself. To him, at least, it appears to have been successful. If it is to be stamped with the seal of the white man's disapproval, Indian independence undoubtedly will soon have become a thing of the past, and there will be no hope for the Red Man's further existence or power save as he merges himself with the whites.

The story of the self-government of the tribes of Indian Territory is one of the

should not have been left to continue his development, and to grow or perish according as he deserved, is one of the puzzles of social progress.

Before the Curtis Act became effective in 1898, each of the five nations had its own governor, or principal chief, its senate, its house of representatives, its district and criminal court, its constitution and code of laws, and a full set of local officials to discharge the obligations of an independent government. With the passing of the Curtis Act began the attack of the white man upon the tribal independence. The excuses for the act are recorded in the debates of Congress. They were much the same as those in the campaign that is now waging to abrogate still further Indian home rule by instituting direct territorial government under federal control.

In the view of the white men who have entered Indian Territory in large numbers, the Indian is an obstacle to progress. A white man's government is wanted for white



An Indian Overland Stage and Ferry Across Grand River.

unique portions of American history. It is one instance of justice toward the race from whom the people of the United States have derived all the lands they own and upon which their rich and vast nation has been built. The facts of the past by which the privilege of self-government was extended to the five tribes are familiar, and that the Indian maintained himself in comparative peace and order is widely known. That he

men. The whites hold that the Indian suffered them to settle in his domain and marry into his family; that it was they who brought the real civilization into the district, and that they are entitled to a government in keeping with their advancement and enterprise. The Indian, in their estimation, is not progressive; nor is his government. He may have made a bad bargain in permitting the white man to squat on

his lands and become his brother-in-law, but, like the treaties he has made with the United States, these bargains have brought only costly experiences which he must suffer in silent reflection.

By the Curtis Act, the five tribes lost their courts and were left with the power of their legislatures more than half nullified. The Act totally abrogated the courts, and while leaving to the senate and house of representatives in each tribe the right to pass laws, required that all such laws be approved by the President of the United States. All questions of jurisprudence, so vital in the conduct of a state, were transferred to the federal courts. The Indian was allowed no process of justice of his own. If arrested, he must be tried in the United States courts, and in these courts he must settle all his disputes at law. He was not permitted to be either judge or juror. He was deprived of the privilege of presiding over his own destiny or the destiny of his children.

Nearly two years have elapsed since the passing of the Curtis Act, and, radical though its changes were, the cry of the whites is for changes still greater. If current indications are to be trusted, the cry will be heard and answered in Washington. The Indian independence will be entirely effaced. Territorial officers appointed by the President will be assigned to rule over the five nations; the dominating whites will enter the legislature and crowd the Indian from his position. The Indians as a race will gradually lose their individuality, and to the historian will be bequeathed the task of tracing the decline and disappearance of a once powerful and comparatively progressive people.

How much of a self-governor the Indian has been is best shown in the history of the Cherokee. He is the highest type not only of the five tribes, but also of the North American aborigine. He is the only one that can boast of a written language. He has had schools, academies and seminaries,

and a higher percentage of education than some of the states. All the ups and downs of the five tribes, and their melancholy experience with self-government, have been shared by him. The Cherokee strip, occupying the northeastern portion of the territory, comprises the extensive area of five million acres, which are of the most fertile soil in the great Southwest. The white

man has penetrated into the district, has fixed his foot there, has smothered his conscience and his decency so far as to marry the Cherokee woman only that he may become the part owner of the Cherokee land. From the Cherokee, as from all the others, is now demanded that he yield his control of his own affairs to the intruder, and that he sacrifice his Indian nature upon the altar of Caucasian progress.

According to the allotment rolls of the Cherokees themselves, as revised from time to

time by the Department of the Interior, there are in all, 32,800 in the nation, subdivided as follows:

Full-bloods	8,000
Descendants of full-bloods (either by marriage or direct descent)	18,000
Delawares (adopted)	900
Negroes (by treaty)	2,500
Whites (adopted)	2,500
Shawnees (adopted)	900
Total	32,800

The Cherokees' lands, like those of the other nations, are owned in common, as are their invested funds. The government has never placed them upon the full basis of individual independence, or spent much time in teaching them by Sloyd's system. The invested funds of \$5,000,000, which the tribe owns as a tribe, have been held by the United States in the form of government bonds, bearing five per cent. interest, and the lands have been allowed to the men and women of the tribe only in a quasi-ownership. The name of each member appears upon the allotment rolls, and, theoretically, he is entitled to his pro rata when the lands



Where Henry M. Stanley Taught an Indian School.

and the funds are finally divided. But the Indian cannot deed away his land. He may acquire a sort of occupying ownership of all he cares to fence or improve, and he may derive rentals from the leasing of it, but he cannot lawfully make over the title to others.

He has had a system of finance and taxation, but it has been only half within his control, and less than half after the Curtis Act became a law. No general taxes are collected in the nation. Revenues sufficient to maintain the government were formerly derived from a tax upon cattle brought into the nation from surrounding states and territories for feeding purposes, and from an assessment of twenty-five cents per head on cattle that remained in the domain for one year. When the Curtis Act was passed the revenues were reduced to royalties on minerals and coal mined in the domain, royalties on hay harvested from the open meadows, and a tax on non-citizen merchants. These levies not only have been barely suffi-

onized. The Indian has never been charged with squandering the public money. He may be prodigal with his own substance, but he has been parsimonious with that which belonged to his nation.

Party divisions and organizations have been prevalent among the Cherokees, as among the whites of the United States. In the main, the full-bloods, and also the majority of all classes of the nation, were sat-



Street Scene in Talequah.

cient to meet the necessities of the reduced and scanty form of government, but have resulted in protests from the white residents themselves that they make no provision for such indispensable adjuncts of government as schools, public improvements, or other requirements of early community conditions. Why the reduction in revenue was made is even more puzzling than the deep question of why self-government should be so antag-



A Group of Full-Blood Cherokees.

onized with their government prior to the Curtis Act, but differences of opinion as to methods of government existed among them, and these differences crystalized into political parties. The fundamental points at issue were the disposition of the land and the distribution of the funds. The Nationalist party, composed mainly of full-bloods, favored the retention of lands and funds in common, and a perpetuation of sovereignty. The Downing party, composed of "bleached" Indians (those with a predominance of Caucasian blood in their veins), adopted citizens and negroes, favored an allotment of lands and funds. These, too, for the most part, were in favor of perpetuating the national government, although many of the "squaw men" and a few of the descendants of the Cherokees, leaned toward the entire abrogation of home rule. Those, with the exception of the full-bloods, would be willing to accept statehood, but the Indian who favors a territorial form of government, and par-

ticularly annexation to Oklahoma, has very little Indian blood in him.

The Downing party derived its name from Louis Downing, who was the nation's first principal chief after the Civil War. Downing might have been called a Democrat; the full-blood Nationalists, Republicans. The full-bloods, during the Civil War, allied themselves mostly with the Union, while the half-breeds and others were largely secessionists. The full-blood Indians owned no slaves, the others did, and one sees the finger marks of that great civil struggle as indelibly traced among the Cherokees to-day as in certain sections of the states. These slaves, too, and their descendants, are the cause of dissension and bitter feeling now between the factions of the Cherokees. Under the treaty made in 1866, the slaves of the Cherokees were admitted to full citizenship in the nation, and when the lands and funds are eventually allotted, each negro, former slave, or descendant of such, will receive his share in fee simple with every Indian of the nation. The Indians believe now that they should be paid for the part of their lands and funds the negroes will take. In justification of this contention, they point to the fact that the negroes in the South, on their emancipation, did not become part owners of the estates of their masters. So far as the full bloods, at least, are concerned, the Indians were in no wise responsible for the enslavement of the negro. On the contrary, they fought to free him. And they somewhat rightly resent being inflicted with the burdens which do not belong to them.

At times there has been intense feeling between the Downing party and the Nationalists. At the last election in August, 1899, the opposing candidates for chief were Thomas M. Buffington for the Downing party and Wolf Coon for the Nationalists. Mr. Buffington is one-quarter Cherokee, his father was a Confederate soldier. Wolf Coon is a full-blood and leader of the Nationalists, as well as of the powerful Ketowah Society, a secret organization of the full-bloods, formed for protection against the encroachments of white men. At the election about 6,000 votes were cast, and Buffington was elected by a majority of 618 votes. Wolf Coon, backed by the Ketowah Society, Daniel Redbird and "Soggy" Sanders, leaders of the Nationalist faction, resolved to contest the election, and it seemed for a time as if bloodshed would result. The full-bloods failed in the contest, and were

restrained from committing acts of violence only by the fear that the remnant of their government would be summarily taken from them if they performed any act of lawlessness. Wolf Coon was sagacious enough to see that if his followers were not restrained he would lose prestige with the white people, and he counseled against any open revolt. So soon as the contest had been decided against him he visited Chief Buffington and smoked a pipe of peace with his successful rival.

"I do not believe as you do," said Wolf Coon, diplomatically, "but you are my chief, and I love you because you are the chief of the Cherokees."

On the heels of this diplomacy Wolf Coon and other full-bloods attended the session of the council and lobbied earnestly against every measure that the Downing party favored or advanced. Wolf Coon is regarded as one of the shrewdest politicians among the full-bloods of the Cherokee nation. He has given the closest attention to every act of the council for more than a quarter of a century. He regards the encroachments of the white men in the territory as the greatest menace to his nation, and he declares that it is only a question of time when the Indian will have to move farther on or give up his lands and become the penniless ward of the United States.

Chief Buffington, whose Indian name is Gunnaheit, or "Long Tom," is respected by the whole nation. He possesses a superior education, having been graduated from the Cherokee Seminary for young men at Talequah. He is forty-four years old, six feet six inches tall, and is said to be the most remarkable specimen of physical manhood in the Indian Territory. During later years he has been a frequent visitor at Washington on various missions for his people. He believes that home rule for the Indian is practically a thing of the past, and hopes that the United States may soon see its way clear to admit the Five Nations as a state. Mr. Buffington ranks with General Pleasant Porter, Chief of the Creek Nation. Both men are highly regarded by the white men as well as by the Indians. General Porter was a Confederate soldier during the Civil War. He lives at Muskogee, and presides over the Creek Nation's councils at Okmulgee.

In Talequah, the capital city, the Cherokees exhibit the Indian's capacities in city structure and municipal control. Like the white men's capitals, Talequah is the gath-

ering place for the politicians and lawyers of the tribe when the council is in session. The capitol is a pretentious brick structure about the size of a county court-house in a small western town. It is surrounded by a neat little park, shaded by giant trees, and fringing the streets about the capitol square are substantial brick and frame buildings. The senate chamber in the capitol is a very small room, provided with cheap furniture. After the election contest had been duly decided, the council convened and eighteen senators seated themselves in the dingy little room, answered to the roll call of the clerk, and listened to the speech of their chief. Chief Buffington's eyes were dimmed

addressed the president in the Cherokee tongue. At intervals Senator Bullfrog paused in his speech and spat with unerring aim at the stove, while an interpreter repeated his argument in English. Senator Bullfrog is something of a philosopher. A certain lawyer had offered to accept five per cent. as a retainer for collecting a claim for the nation, and it was of this that the senator from Goingsnake District spoke. Senator Bullfrog declared that cheap lawyers were not safe.

"They will," he said, "offer to recover your hog for a ham, but the chances are you will never get the hog and will lose an extra ham besides. I notice that most of



Thomas M. Buffington.
Principal Chief of the Cherokee Nation.



Gen. Pleasant Porter.
Principal Chief of the Creek Nation.

with tears as he addressed the senators. He told them that he believed that they were gathered for the last time. He said that the white man was determined to rule their country, and he advised them to use only such safeguards as they deemed wise. There were six full-blood Indians in the senate; the leader among these was Mr. Bullfrog, Senator from Goingsnake District, who proved to be the first member on the roll.

Senator Bullfrog was a picturesque figure. His raiment on this occasion consisted of a new pink calico shirt with no collar, navy blue trousers, and heavy riding boots. Senator Bullfrog wore his spurs, and although he understands the English language quite as well as the whitest man in the senate, he

the clients of cheap lawyers are in prison.'

This argument was uproariously applauded by all the other senators, who sat with their chairs tilted back against the wall, expectorating in the direction of the stove.

The congress of the Cherokee Nation, in appearance, is an improvement over the councils of the other tribes, but it is by no means a body of very great dignity. It probably consumes more chewing tobacco per capita than any other body of lawmakers in the world. The lower house of the Cherokee congress has forty members, and it is presided over by J. S. Davenport, a white man, who is a member of the bar at Vinita. The president of the senate is John L. Gunter, the quarter-blood son of one of

the oldest of the Cherokee families. The forty councilmen of the lower house, when in session, occupy a room similar to the senate chamber, and the body is not impressive of dignity, although its sessions are frequently very earnest, and some of the laws it has enacted are indeed creditable.

The sessions of the council of the Cherokees and the other nations are always attended by a swarm of lobbyists. The little hotels in the capital towns present a busy scene on these occasions. The lobbyists never tire of drafting bills for claims against the United States, and offering to collect these claims for a contingent fee. The Indian, however, is usually as quick to discern an opportunity for a claim as the shrewdest lobbyist. Politicians who are familiar with the politics of the Five Nations declare that no persons of the United States are more closely posted on the doings and affairs of the Congress of the United States and the departments at Washington than some of the full-blood Indians of the Cherokee tribe. Shrewd old Wolf Coon boasts that he is familiar with every bill that the United States has adopted with re-

nation's lands. The council took no notice of the document, and the chief adjourned the session. When he had done this, some of the full-blood senators and councilmen went to him and asked:

"Why did you not give us time to pass the franchise bill?"

"You had plenty of time," the chief replied.

"But we were waiting for the railroad company's lobbyists to see us," said the senators in chorus.

The Indians have enacted some laws that are worthy the attention of white men. Their mode of punishing criminals, which was in vogue for a great many years, was found to be a very effective remedy for small crimes. In every capital town they had whipping posts, where vagrants, horse thieves and other criminals were soundly thrashed after summary trials before the Indian courts. Notwithstanding this, one of the grave faults found with the Indian in self-government, was his inclination to be lenient toward criminals. The Indian is inclined to sympathize with the man in prison, and when the Cherokees conducted their own

courts and prisons, it was not an uncommon occurrence for convicts, ostensibly serving out sentences, to commit depredations while roaming at large as "trusties." The only work required of prisoners at Talequah, before they were transferred to the United States prison, was chopping wood in the forests. The guards, ample in number, after taking the prisoners



Home of Jefferson Davis, Before the Mexican War.

lation to Indian matters in the last twenty-five years. The Indians are very sagacious lobbyists themselves, and they understand dealing with lobbyists fully as well as the legislators of some of the states. An instance of this was shown during the term of Samuel Houston Mayes, as chief of the Cherokees. Chief Mayes submitted to the council an application from a railroad company for the right of way through the

to the forest, would give them guns and become their comrades in a hunt for wild game. This carelessness and neglect on the part of the guards frequently resulted in murder and outlawry. Many of the so-called out-breaks in the Indian Territory, accounts of which have been printed in newspapers throughout the country, were started by just such happenings.

In Talequah is a seminary for young

women of the tribe, built at a cost of \$200,000 out of the nation's own funds, which shows their alertness at least to the educational branch of progress. The seminary is conducted by an Indian. It has 150 pupils, among whom one sees some striking types of womanly beauty. The trace of Indian blood produces a rich complexion, luxuriant sable hair, and eyes that are charming. The seminary for young men is an old institution, its main building having been constructed before the Civil War. It has usually about 100 students. In both schools the cost of tuition is trifling, and so within reach of any industrious young

enterprise of the industrial pioneer, if the milder epithet be preferred) has found it impossible to abstain from exploiting such possibilities. As the land has been the property of the Indians, and as the Indian has no power to transfer title, the only alternative for the exploiters has been to marry into the tribes and acquire community property rights. Before the tribal rolls were finished these marriages were far more common than they are now. Then each man, as soon as he became the husband of an Indian woman, became a member of the tribe, and shared equally with his wife and every other citizen of the nation. To prevent these



Seminary for Young Women, Talequah.

Built at a cost of \$200,000 out of the Nation's funds. The Seminary has 150 pupils.

man or woman. In these schools the academic studies are taught by white and Cherokee teachers. The nation has 150 district and ward schools in session about seven months in the year.

But there is a social problem which has long been a source of apprehension to the Indians, and which, among the other tribes as well as among the Cherokees, has undoubtedly had much to do with the pressure upon the United States to declare a territorial form of government. This is the intermarriage of white men into the tribes for no other purpose than to share in the lands and funds of the nations. The lands of the Indians are rich not only for agricultural production, but also in oil and coal, and the greed of the white men (or the

marriages, of which there have been thousands, some of the tribes adopted laws fixing the marriage license fees beyond the reach of the adventurers and scalawags who were ready to marry squaws to become sharers in the lands. The Cherokee Council fixed the marriage license at \$500, and while the law was in force only one alien white man took out a marriage license. The Chickasaws undertook to pass a law fixing the fee at \$1,000, where one or the other was an alien, but the bill failed of passage in the council. The enrollment of the tribal members served to check the demand for Indian wives, and marriages of full-blood squaws to white men are not of frequent occurrence now. The Ketowah Society exerted its influence against these marriages,

and drove many bride hunters out of the territory. The Indians themselves realized that the white men who came to marry their women were not of a class to uplift the tribe. The "squaw-man" or white husband of a full-blood woman is held in no regard.

When the oil and coal discoveries in the territory became numerous, many of the marriages were made merely in the interest of large companies and syndicates, who sent men into the territory for that purpose. The Indian efforts only partly checked the nefarious business. When the territorial form of government is inflicted upon them, they will be left powerless. With the lands then formally allotted among them and complete ownership given, the more ignorant and susceptible among the women will be at the mercy of the scheming white men. In this, a new and semi-lawful way, the Indian, even in peaceable Indian territory, where many years have passed since he made war or wielded the tomahawk, will again be deprived of his land and his home. It will be the final and dissolving chapter in the history of the tribes, if not of the race.

But the lands the Cherokees and the others yield, and the privileges of self-government they yield, and the sources of contentment and happiness they yield, will be only such sacrifices as have been theirs ever since the Red Man began to give way to the onward march of civilization's never-ending hosts. The Cherokees have been driven from pillar to post for more than one hundred years. They have ceded to the United States more than 90,000,000 acres of land. The charter to the land they occupy now was given to them under the administration of Van Buren. They deed to the land (then comprising 14,000,000 acres) bore the everlasting warrantee "while the water runs and grass grows." They were removed from Georgia in 1835. Their constitution and right of self-government were then given to them. The original copy of their constitution and the deed from Van Buren, together with all the precious documents of their nation, are locked in a safe, which stands in the corner of the senate chamber at Talequah.

When the Cherokees left their home in Georgia for the Far West, there was with them Sequoyah, or George Guess, a half-breed, the son of a Dutch trader. Very little is known of his early history, except that he possessed a sufficient acquaintance with the English language to read and write. Sequoyah conceived the idea of in-

venting an alphabet for the Cherokee language, and this he accomplished after much patient toil. The alphabet arranged by Sequoyah comprises eighty-five characters, which is the exact number of distinct syllables pronounceable in the language. This alphabet proved to be wonderfully ingenious in its construction. Once it is mastered, the language is easily understood. The alphabet is in the nature of shorthand, as is shown by the spelling of the word Cherokee in that language. It is pronounced Cha-la-kee, and only three characters, "cha," "la," and "kee" are necessary in spelling it.

Sequoyah's purpose was to teach his language to the other tribes of Indians of the West, and he made many journeys among them, at times going as far as the Rio Grande. Indian tradition relates that he died somewhere in the West, but no one knows where this remarkable man found his final resting-place. There is an old house not far from the village of Muldrow in the Cherokee Nation, which was built by Sequoyah, in which he lived several years. A fund has been started in Talequah to build a monument to his memory in the capitol square in that town.

It is impossible not to be moved at the drama of Indian Territory. How nearly civilization has permitted an uncivilized race to pass through the gradations of progress without losing its identity. The Cherokees, the Creeks, the Chickasaws, the Choctaws and the Seminoles have all advanced farther than any barbarian race in history in a similar length of time. But their territory has been overrun by people who are impatient of their slow advancement. Mineral and industrial wealth have been found in their lands, and those who are accustomed to develop these resources are unwilling to submit to the vexations inflicted by a slow people. The white man has a use for the Indian's land which he thinks is greater than any use to which the Indian can put it, and he proposes to have so much of it as he can secure. By the territorial form of government which he wishes to enforce, he will put the Indian upon an individual basis as distinguished from a tribal or a national basis. When the lands and the funds now held in common shall finally have been divided the Indian will not long retain them. As an individual he can never cope with his white brother, and when he steps aside, his broad, majestic forests, fertile valleys and rugged mountains will teem with a world of wealth that he knows not of.

THE WORLD'S TELEGRAPH

By EARL W. MAYO

WHEN Dewey cut the cable at Manila—that event over which we all have chuckled since—he gave the American people a taste of the conditions that would prevail except for the world's telegraph system. The suspense of the week that followed was felt by every person in the country, by the whole world, indeed. And yet the line that Dewey severed was only a small branch of one small artery in the general system.

Trans-continental telegraphs and trans-oceanic cable lines are so commonplace in our everyday existence that only an interruption like this makes us realize their wonders. We cannot appreciate the complete interdependence into which the members of modern society have been brought by the telegraph systems of the world.

Cut every cable that leads outward from our shores to-morrow; break down every wire that stretches across the country between the Pacific and the Atlantic or northward from the Gulf—and what would be the effect? Half our business, all the great operations of trade, would be paralyzed. The exchanges would be dead; the newspapers would come to us shorn of the more interesting part of their contents; the very policies of government would be hampered.

In spite of our complete subjugation to the electric marvel, the telegraph is a new force in shaping the world's affairs. In its practical use it is altogether a development of the half century about to close. There are men living, unbowed by years, who can remember when that pregnant message, "What hath God wrought!" was flashed from the fingers of Morse, the dreamer, to the hand of Vail, the worker. That was on May 24, 1844. It marked the culmination of years of daring thought and careful experiment, but for the world at large it was the beginning of the magnetic telegraph.

Seven years before, in a room overlooking Washington Square, New York, Samuel F. B. Morse had given an exhibition before a party of scientists, in the course of which he sent signals through coils of copper wire stretched about the walls of the room. Among those present was Alfred Vail, a

young man of unusual scientific attainments, to whom almost equally with Morse we are indebted for the fact that the telegraph is an American invention. Vail was profoundly impressed with the importance of the project outlined before him. Soon afterward he wrote of it:

"The question arose in my mind whether magnets could be made to work over long distances. After much reflection, I came to the conclusion that providing the system would work over a distance of eight or ten miles, there could be no risk in embarking upon the enterprise. And upon this I decided in my own mind to sink or swim with it."

Morse said: "If I can succeed in working across ten miles, I can go around the globe."

How empty the words sound to-day! How breath-taking they were when uttered! Like many another discoverer, Morse was the visionary of his own time, giving voice to the commonplace of the succeeding generation.

The period intervening between the appearance of the telegraph as a scientific toy and its launching as a commercial enterprise was occupied with work in Vail's little shop at Speedwell, New Jersey. Then came the rebuffs and delays incident to bringing the invention to the notice of Congress and in securing a tardy appropriation for the building of an experimental line, with the difficulties and discouragements encountered in construction, until Ezra Cornell, the raw-boned Yankee boy, at length saved the enterprise by smashing the pipe laying machine against a rock and so providing an excuse for delay until the plan of stringing the wires on poles could be devised. But what mattered the difficulties, the rebuffs, the years of unrewarded effort, when the wires sang under that triumphant message, "What hath God wrought!" Morse knew then that he had launched a new development on the world.

The years between 1850 and 1875 formed the great constructive period of the century. It was then that industry and progress, spurred on by the efforts of many men of genius, quickened into a pace never known before. The telegraph arrived just in

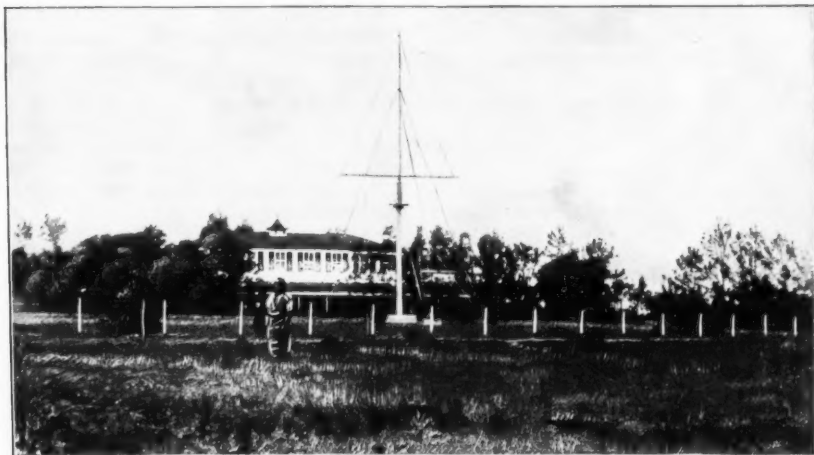
time to profit by this general movement. The rapidity with which its wires began to spread over the earth bears eloquent testimony alike to the usefulness of the invention and the enterprise of the men of the period.

In 1850 the first submarine cable was laid, between Dover and Calais. In 1858 Cyrus W. Field and his associates joined the Old World to the New; but it was not until 1866, after repeated failures and the sinking of fortunes in unsuccessful attempts, that the bond was made complete and lasting.

In 1870, the Eastern Telegraph Company ran its cable lines through the Mediterranean and the Red Sea across to Bombay.

graph to almost every corner of the earth is not merely a dry record of commercial progress. It is a story of marvelous energy, of daring effort, of desperate risks and heroic deeds. The telegraph has not followed civilization, but has preceded it. It has led the way for the pioneer and the trader, bringing knowledge of barbarous people and unknown lands to the world. So to-day it is leading the way through the heart of Africa for the railroad and the other institutions of the white man.

It is easy to find examples of heroic endeavor in the history of telegraph construction. Conceive the difficulties of putting the great northern line across Siberia when it was far more a *terra incognita* than it is



The Cable Station at Delagoa Bay, South Africa.

Thence the Eastern Extension Company took it forward to Australia and around the coast of China, where, in 1871, connection was established with the Russian and Danish lines across Northern Asia. Thus was completed a system which took in the greater portion of the eastern continent and gave communication from the western coast of America to the southern points of Australia.

From that time on the maze of wires spread rapidly in every direction until now there is not a travel route of any importance that is not covered with a line of electric communication except the one great gap soon to be filled by the construction of a trans-Pacific system.

The history of this extension of the tele-

graph now. Buried in the snows, lost in the vast forests, exposed to starvation on the bleak steppes, the hardy Russians struggled on until they had carried their wires from St. Petersburg to Vladivostock.

On the other side of the Pacific an American party had set out to meet them, for it was originally the intention to connect the eastern and western hemispheres by way of Bering Strait. But the Americans were assailed by floods and hunger and hostile Indians, until their party was broken up and this side of the enterprise failed of achievement.

In running the trans-continental lines across the plains to the Pacific coast thrilling adventures were encountered. Old operators tell the story of one construction



Laying Cable at
Mauritius.

party that was surprised by Indians, its members shot, scalped and left for dead. Dead they were with the exception of one man, who, having been wounded, had become unconscious. He presently revived and was able to get up and move about, although his own hair had been cut "just below the roots," as the frontier phrase of the day expresses it. In looking around the dismantled camp, the poor fellow came across his own scalp where it had been dropped upon the ground. Putting it into a bucket of water, he made his way back to the next station, where the scalp was ultimately restored to its proper position.

One of the most difficult pieces of constructive work ever undertaken was encountered in running the telegraph across the continent of Australia, between 1870 and 1872.



The interior of the country was absolutely unknown at the time. For a part of the way the route led through a wilderness devoid of the means of supporting life, where every bit of material used, even to the poles on which the wires were strung, had to be carried along by the constructing party. Through incredible hardships, and undergoing sufferings and attacks which carried off

many of their members, the builders persevered, until at length, after two years, the line was completed.

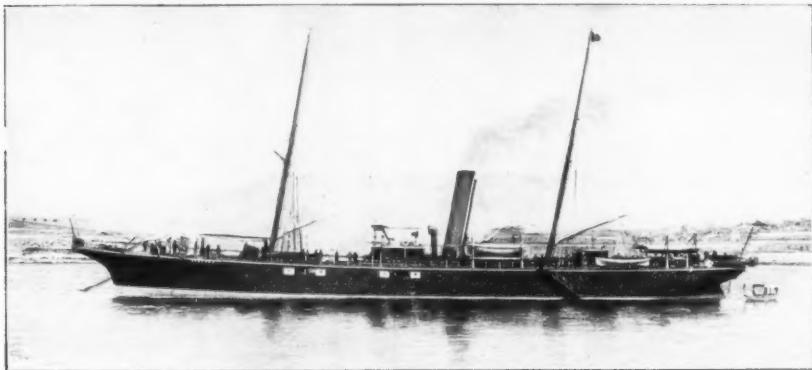
In some countries difficulties of another sort have been met with. It was necessary to resort to a subterfuge to land the first cables in China while the superstitions of the natives long prevented the extension of land lines, cutting the wires as fast as they were put up, in the belief that they were the invention of evil spirits. All over the world

the glass insulators commonly used on telegraph lines have proved a shining mark for the destructive impulses of civilized youth and adult savagery. In the interior of Africa, where wire becomes a sort of currency, the telegraph builders are compelled to carry along an extra supply for distribution among the natives in order to keep the poles from being stripped.

Although thousands of miles of line were in operation before 1865, the world telegraph as it exists to-day dates from that

ceeding conventions, we have the marvelously intricate yet simple system of sending telegraphic messages which prevails to-day. It is possible now to send a message from any village that can boast a telegraph office to any other point in the world that is reached by the far-spreading maze of wires. Moreover, the sender may feel assured that his message will go forward quickly, and it requires but a moment for the clerk to inform him as to its exact cost.

Considering that the ownership of the



Cable Repairing Steamer, "Electra."

time and from a convention held in Paris to adopt regulations for international telegraphic operations. Previously, in sending a message from one country to another, delays were encountered which made the telegraph little more expeditious than the post. In traveling across Europe a message not only occupied an exasperating amount of time, but also accumulated an appalling list of charges reckoned in different kinds of money for each country it had passed through. These charges could not be paid in advance, because the amount of them was not known at the point from which the message was sent. It may be imagined that under such conditions the telegraph was not generally employed in transacting business.

From the point of view of the private citizen, the most important work done by the Paris convention was to arrange a uniform schedule of telegraphic rates, and to provide that messages might be sent in code, or secret language, if desired. Arrangements were likewise made for the more rapid transmission of international messages.

As a result of the work of this and suc-

various telegraph and cable lines of the world is divided between nearly forty different governments and half that number of private companies, this is a highly interesting example of business centralization. It has been brought about through the establishment of the International Bureau of Telegraphs at Berne, Switzerland. This bureau codified the charges of the many different countries subscribing to the union, using the franc as a basis for all rates. It has brought about many other changes calculated to extend and improve the telegraph business, its most recent undertaking being the compilation of a great dictionary, or international telegraphic code, containing some 300,000 terms taken from almost every language in existence.

This increase of convenience in the use of the telegraph, which makes it as easy to send a message three-quarters of the way around the globe as between two neighboring villages, has undoubtedly been a great stimulus in adding to the volume of telegraphic business, and in encouraging the extension of lines to distant and out of the way places. Certainly no other phase of in-

dustrial development, not even the growth of railways, can compare with the rapidity with which the telegraph has girdled the earth.

At the present time the extent of ocean cables is nearly 200,000 miles. The total distance of all land wires it is impossible to state with exactness, but it is rather more than ten times the total for the cable systems. In the United States alone above 800,000 miles of wire are in use.

These land lines run everywhere. In the United States there is hardly a village of more than two thousand inhabitants that is not reached by the telegraph. Some of the more notable of the land systems are the line across Siberia, the overland route from Europe to India across Persia, the system which connects all the important interior cities of China with the capital, and the new African line along the route of the Cape to Cairo railway.

Of course, the cable lines are less diversified. The laying of a cable is a more difficult and expensive undertaking than the construction of a land line. Nevertheless, the cable has traversed nearly every com-

mercial water route except those leading across the Pacific.

There are thirteen cable lines across the North Atlantic; the most recent one, was added last year. Two others cross from Europe to South America. There is a line down the west coast of South America and one extending up the Amazon. Another line encircles Africa, while four others, passing through the Mediterranean, connect Europe with India, China and the outposts of Australasia.

At the present time the most distant points between which there is telegraphic communication are the west coast of America—say San Francisco—and New Caledonia. In passing between these two points a message travels more than 20,000 miles, though the actual distance between them by a straight line across the Pacific is between 4,000 and 5,000 miles.

The scene of the next great enterprise in cable construction is undoubtedly the Pacific Ocean. Two trans-Pacific projects are under consideration, and it is likely that both will be carried out. The one of chief interest to Americans contemplates a line from Cali-



New Instrument Room, at Carcavellos, (Lisbon) Spain, Where Cables Leave for the Mediterranean.

fornia to Hawaii, Wake Island, Guam and the Philippines, where it will connect with the eastern systems. In view of the recently acquired possessions of the United States in the Pacific some such line as this is a political necessity.

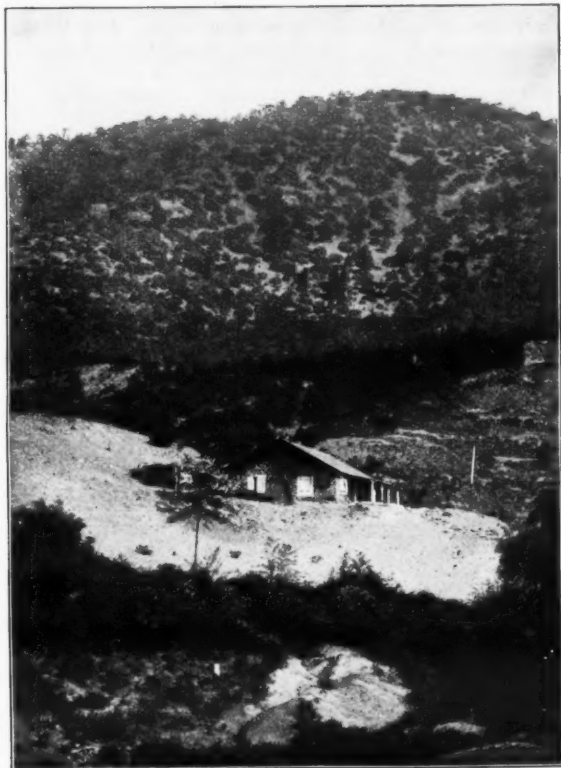
The second project is of British origin, a part of the Englishman's cherished dream for an all-British line around the world. It is proposed to extend from Vancouver to Aus-

Along with the rapid extension of lines has gone a steady improvement in the mechanical appliances of the telegraph. The sending and receiving instruments in use to-day bear little resemblance to the crude instruments used by the inventor. Indeed, of the inventions which Morse contributed to the development of the telegraph the only one that has not been replaced by some improvement, is the one he himself looked upon as merely incidental to his larger scheme. That is the alphabet of characters used in telegraphic communication. It is in use in all parts of the world practically as when first perfected, and as the Morse alphabet it perpetuates the name of the inventor.

The most noteworthy of the improvements in the telegraph have been those which brought about an increased rapidity in transmitting messages. One of the earliest of these came into general adoption in 1872 as the result of extended experiments. It was known as the duplex system, and permitted the sending of two messages along one wire, in opposite directions, at the same time. This has been followed successively by the quadruplex and sextuplex systems, permitting the sending of four and six messages respectively. More recently still, the achievements of inventors who are now studying the question of rapid transmissions seem to show that there is hardly a limit to the speed with

which messages may be sent across the wires.

Another important device is the repeater. The length of an ordinary circuit for telegraphic work is about five hundred miles. At the end of this distance the message must be re-transmitted to a new circuit. Formerly this required the services of an operator, and in traveling across the continent a message passed through the hands



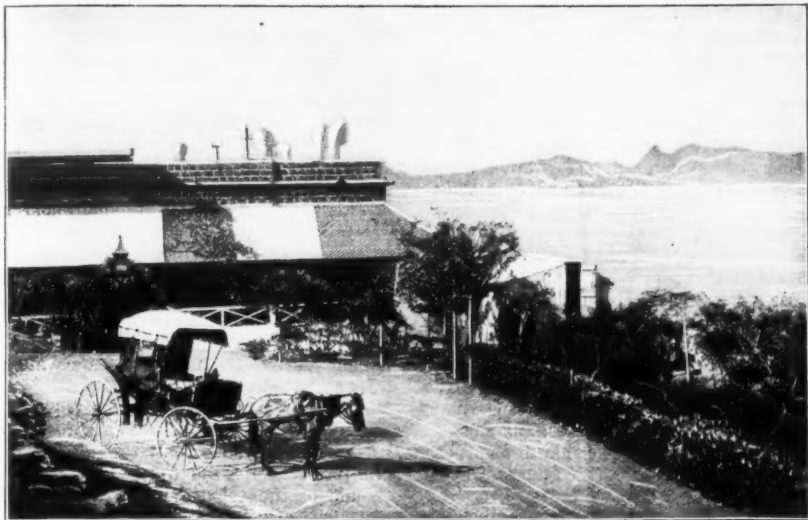
Cable Station at Mt. Troodos, Cyprus, 3,500 Feet Above Sea Level.

tralia, with stations at Honolulu, Samoa, the Fiji Islands and New Caledonia. The carrying out of these two undertakings will bridge the only great chasm remaining in the lines of quick communication. In a sense, they will complete the world's telegraph system, although, of course, they will not mark the end of telegraph construction. Only the perfection of wireless telegraphy will do that.

of six different clerks. By the substitution of an automatic device messages are now passed on from one circuit to another without the interposition of an operator.

Automatic transmission, the possibility of sending multiple messages, and many minor improvements have made possible some wonderful results in the rapidity of telegraphic

have been sent from the New York Produce Exchange to the Chicago Produce Exchange and answers received in forty-five seconds. When one reflects that these were ordinary messages, for which no special preparation was made, and that the operation involved the writing out of the messages at each end of the line, and their delivery to the persons



Cable Station, at Aden, on the Red Sea.

communication. From time to time some special achievement in this direction is heralded in the newspapers. More of them go unrecorded.

By connecting a line in advance and making special provision for an important message practically instantaneous transmission may be obtained. Thus the results of international yacht races have been reported in London half a minute after the winning boat crossed the finish line, and the winner of the English Derby has been announced in New York within an equally brief time.

It is not in these performances, however, that one finds the greatest achievements of the telegraph, but in the speed with which ordinary business is transacted. Thus the Stock and Produce exchanges of New York and Chicago have the closest possible connection. There is a vast amount of communication between the exchanges of the two cities every day, and the telegraph companies have their offices on the floors of the exchanges. It is on record that messages

to whom they were addressed, the result seems marvelous.

The increase in the use of the telegraph for business purposes has been accompanied by a steady reduction in the cost of messages. When the first Atlantic cable was laid the price of a twenty word message between London and New York was \$100, or \$5 per word. Now the commercial rate between the two cities is twenty-five cents per word. To telegraph ten words from Chicago to New York in 1866 cost \$2.05. Now it costs forty cents.

Telegraphing to distant parts of the world is still an expensive business. The rate per word for a message from San Francisco to Auckland, New Zealand, for example, is \$2.87. From New York to Manila the rate is \$2.45. The charge is not always in ratio to the distance. The rate from New York to some South American or West Indian ports is nearly two dollars per word, but in reaching these points the messages travel twice across the Atlantic.

To pay practically twenty-five dollars for a brief ten word message to the Philippines may seem extravagant, but when one reflects that it travels three-fifths of the distance around the globe in completing the journey, passing under the direction of half a dozen different companies, the cost seems far from exorbitant.

The ordinary course of such a message would be from New York to Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, thence to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, where it dives under the Atlantic to re-appear on the coast of Ireland. From here it is forwarded to London, which is the great centre and clearing house for the cable business of the whole world. From London the message will be forwarded either across the English Channel and overland to Marseilles, or by the Eastern Telegraph Company's line around the Spanish peninsula, stopping at Lisbon. Through the Mediterranean the route leads to Alexandria, across Egypt by land, down the Red Sea to Aden, through the Arabian sea to Bombay, over India by land, across the Bay of Bengal to Singapore, along the coast to Hong Kong, and across the China Sea to Manila. Notwithstanding the many lands and many hands through which it passes, the message is forwarded with reasonable promptness, with perfect secrecy, and all the way in English.

The vast mileage of telegraphs gives occupation to a great army of men either as operators or in the construction and repairing of lines. The Eastern Company alone keeps in service a fleet of a dozen vessels in looking after leaks or repairing breaks in its cable lines. A number of big factories are occupied in turning out telegraph and cable wire, while the stringing of land wires and the laying of ocean cables have both been reduced to exact arts.

The cost of constructing a cable system is about \$2,000 per mile, and the total amount invested in submarine lines at present is upward of \$200,000,000. The value of the land lines is, of course, much greater in the aggregate. The largest company in America has alone a capital of \$125,000,000, pays out yearly between \$8,000,000 and \$10,000,000 in wages and salaries, and last year carried over 60,000,000 messages. These figures are not complete, but they serve to show that telegraphs form one of the world's great business interests.

The importance of the telegraph as a business agent is indicated by the fact that the messages transmitted in the course of

a year average one for each man, woman and child in the country. In other directions its importance is even more marked.

In war its influence has become so important that the construction and operation of lines of telegraphic communication is a part of every plan of campaign. The seizure or destruction of the telegraph and cable lines is one of the first overt acts in a modern war. With cable and telegraph at his command, your naval or military strategist can direct a campaign on the opposite side of the world quite as one would play a game of chess under the same circumstances.

The telegraph long has been the strong arm of the newspaper. It provides at once the most interesting and the most expensive portion in the contents of the daily journal. The press rate for telegraph and cable tolls is about half the ordinary rate, but even with this reduction the telegraph bills of any metropolitan newspaper mount into the hundreds or thousands of dollars daily. One New York newspaper paid ten thousand dollars in cable fees in its report of the naval battle of Santiago during the Spanish war. Such an expenditure is not unusual when events of great importance are to be reported. And yet it is only through the general interest imparted to the newspaper by the aid of the telegraph that it is able to pay such sums.

If it were only a thin stretch of wire crossing continents and diving under seas, climbing mountains and traversing deserts, it would be interesting to contemplate. The mere existence of such a line millions of miles in length, doubling and turning upon itself until it holds the world in a very net is something awe-compelling, even in the age of wonderful things.

Actually the world telegraph as it stands to-day has far greater significance than is imparted by mere immensity. It stands as a wonder of inventive genius, clear-sighted enterprise, and brave effort. It is the highway of thought and intelligence. Its grasp brings widely separated continents together into a single nation. By the interchange of knowledge it is teaching men of different speech and different flags to understand one another. It is helping to bring about that harmony of nations which has long been the dream of philosophers and statesmen. What the railway and the steamships do for the hard physical work of the world the telegraph does in the domain of intelligence.

GREENFIELD'S FIRST CAMPAIGN FUND

By BRAND WHITLOCK

SQUIRE GODDARD had been renominated as mayor of Greenfield for the tenth time, and for three weeks had played his customary checker games with the firemen in the town hall, serene in the conviction that he could not fail of re-election. Then suddenly he awakened to the fact that he had been the victim of a gum shoe campaign. Election was but a week off, and something had to be done. So they raised a campaign fund. Now, Greenfield, in that day, had never had a campaign fund. The state committees never put any money into Pamunkey County, even in a presidential year. The Republicans didn't have to, and the Democrats knew better. The local candidates, of course, had little expenses of their own—for cigars, for carriages when there were township meetings out in the little red school house, for printing the tickets (in the days before we had the Australian ballot), and for Ganson's hack to use at the polls on election day, but they were stingy in these things. Greenfield and Pamunkey County always went right, anyhow. Joe Boyle, Captain Bishop, Major Turner, old Bill Williams and John Ernest had been parceling the fat offices in the court house among themselves ever since the war, and all a county convention ever had to do was to renominate the old ticket, and it went through in November without a scratch. Sometimes, because of curious constitutional prejudices against a county treasurer succeeding himself, they had

to run Captain Bishop for county clerk, and let old Bill Williams have the treasury, but it only meant, after all, changing the combination a little, and beyond the trouble of moving some favorite old desk chairs, which had moulded themselves to rheumatic backs, from one side of the court house to the other, the ring remained undisturbed in that ancient, life-giving pile. Of course they had to find a new candidate for prosecuting attorney every six years, but, fortunately, the crop of young lawyers is one that never fails, whatever party is in power down in Washington.

And so, among a virgin electorate, the advent of a campaign fund was an impressive event. The people felt that they had entered upon a new era in their political life, just as they did when the council bought the new fire apparatus and began to agitate the question of bonding the town for water works—a proposition, by the way, upon which the leading citizens sat down quickly enough, because it meant taxes—while the line of loafers leaning against the court house fence increased, waiting for the distribution. They had vague notions about a campaign fund in Greenfield. The amount was reputed to be \$500, and, technically, it was in the custody of the court house ring, but, as they had never had a campaign fund to disburse before, and could not decide how to proceed, it was temporarily locked in the county treasurer's vault, where, not being interest on the public



"he puffed a heavy briar pipe and wore knickerbockers."

moneys, it was comparatively safe. Meanwhile they were sticking closer than brothers. They would not allow one of their number out of their sight. They went to their meals in relays, and held night sessions in the treasury, losing sleep and rest, so that all their latent diseases, rheumatics, phthisis, lumbago, gravel, etc., were aggravated. They became cross, jealous and suspicious, full of envy, debate, deceit, malignity; whisperers, back-biters, spiteful, proud, boasters, inventors of evil things. They swore as they had not sworn since the battle of Port Republic. They cursed each other, they cursed Horace Goddard, and when these subjects failed, they cursed young Halliday.

Young Halliday was at the bottom of all the deviltry in Greenfield. He had not been out of Harvard a month before all the good people in the town were wagging their heads sadly and saying: "Tsck! Tsck! Tsck!" He parted his hair in the middle. He brought home a habit of dropping his r's, and of pronouncing his a's with a broad accent, as, for instance, when he said "rawther;" he smoked cigarettes, puffed a heavy briar pipe, wore red neckties and knickerbockers, and he drank beer. And he did something else, something that struck the moral fibre of the town on the raw. He changed his politics and became a Democrat!

Being a Democrat in Greenfield is like being a Republican in Alabama. There are hardly enough Democrats in Greenfield—outside of the fifth ward, which is Irish—to hold primaries, and they always have mass conventions to hide their political nakedness. Hank De-frees, the only Democratic lawyer in Greenfield, insisted that conventions are necessary in order to keep up the party organization. He liked to go over to Columbus every two years as delegate to the state convention. It afforded him an outing and a chance at the whiskey in the Neal House. Besides, it is something to go to the state convention with the solid vote of any county, even Pamunkey, in your vest pocket. The local Democrats humored Hank. He had been their only available timber for Common Pleas judge and prosecuting attorney, and he had been sacrificed on the altar of his party times enough, surely, to entitle him to whatever there was in sight.

But George Halliday had been reared a Republican. His father had been an Abolitionist, the friend of Salmon P. Chase, and his home had been known in its time as one of the stations of the underground railway.

He had voted for John C. Fremont, and he had voted a straight Republican ticket ever since. George had responded to these home influences sympathetically, and had given early promise of that vital interest in politics for which Ohio mothers ardently look in their sons. His first experience in politics was in 1876, when he took an active part in the Hayes-Tilden campaign, crying after the little Catholic boys from the parochial school, on his homeward way at evening:

"Fried rats and pickled cats,
Are good enough for democrats."

And once he marched with a party of his playmates in a torchlight procession, under a transparency which announced exultantly:

"Hurrah for Hayes! He's the Man!
If we can't vote, our daddies can!"

That was a fine campaign, extending far beyond autumn, and during the long winter evenings he had been allowed to sit up, sometimes until after nine o'clock, to hear his father read in the Cincinnati *Gazette*, of the bloody deeds of the Ku-Klux-Klan. The strange, cabalistic words froze the very blood in his veins. At night he would hear the drumming of horses' hoofs, and see white sheeted forms galloping by in the gloom. Sometimes they halted and looked at him through big, black eyeholes.

These were the Ku-Klux, and he was afraid, until the evening his father came home radiant, sat down to the supper table with a smile that gave a fine cheer to the room and said:

"Well, we got Hayes in."

Later, when he was in the high school, he became a member of the Blaine and Logan marching clubs, wore a red oilcloth cape and carried a torch. As he trudged along Greenfield's streets, strangely unfamiliar in the darkness, breathing the smoke of the flaring torches, intoxicated by the tired throbbing of the bass drum, he would shout in union with the hoarse voices of excited men:

"Blaine—Blaine,
James—G.—Blaine!"

Then the procession debouching into the square was swallowed up by the crowd; nothing remained of it but extinguished reeking torches scattered here and there among the thousands of restless heads. George wriggled his way up to the festooned band stand, he saw the pale speakers and the countless vice-presidents—his father was one of the vice-presidents—and

he listened to the inspiring song of the Glee Club:

 Dinna ye hear the slogan,
 Jimmy Blaine and Johnny Logan?
 The plumed knight and warrior bold
 Are bound to gain the day.
 The golden gates are creaking,
 While the Yankee boys are speaking,
 And the Johnnies are retreating,
 For we're bound to gain the day.

His eyes had been blurred by the tears, his heart had ached with the secret pain of patriotism. He had registered sweet vows; he never could forget—and yet, now, just as his education was complete and he was ready to enter upon his career, just as the new sign of the new firm of Halliday & Halliday, attorneys-at-law, was swinging at

the foot of the stairs in the People's National Bank block, he had turned Democrat. It was a sore subject at home. He and his father no longer discussed the tariff question. Mrs. Halliday said it made her nervous, as it might anybody.

That winter Halliday did nothing more serious than to attend a Catholic fair in Father Hennessey's church, and make a speech awarding the prize some one had won in the raffle. But in the spring, Hank Defrees, loafing around among the boys, told them the thing to do was to nominate George for mayor on the Democratic ticket, and it was done. When old Horace Goddard heard of the nomination, he chuckled until his great belly shook, and actually invited



"—played his customary checker games with the firemen in the town-hall."

Captain Bishop and the rest of the boys, who had gathered at the post office to wait for the seven o'clock mail, around to Cramer's drug store to have a drink. The cronies all laughed as they drank—though they said, with soberness, that they felt sorry for old Judge Halliday himself.

It was a cruel thing to do, and it was young Halliday's idea alone. He was a youth with aspirations, and he saw in the nomination something more than the mere compliment Hank Defrees had intended. Therefore Squire Goddard's checker game was interrupted by a black-coated delegation of Protestant clergymen. It was a Monday morning, and they must have come straight from preacher's meeting with their impudent questions. They wanted to know whether or not it was true that the Dow law had not been enforced, and how he stood on the saloon question generally. The old squire puffed profusely and made promises. The next day a committee of saloon-keepers called. The old man blew out his varicose cheeks and sputtered:

"I've ran for mayor o' this 'ere town now goin' on ten times, and I'm dog *damned* if I ever heerd such a lot o' fool questions before!"

The next day it was rumored that Father Hennessy had told his parishioners that Squire Goddard could not be trusted. Then the storm broke. The W. C. T. U. held a mass meeting and issued an appeal to save the boys. That night husbands were put on the rack of domestic inquisition. They had it pointed out to them that there was a drunkard in every fifth family—statistics proved it—and parents didn't want their boys exposed any longer to such temptations. No one knew where the statistical lightning was going to strike.

"Suppose you want to entrust the regulation of the rum power to the Democrats, do you?" sneered the husbands, with ironical grunts, thereby moving the previous question and closing the debate. Nevertheless, after that the mayor was kept busy explaining, which is the direst necessity that can befall a candidate. He encountered Halliday in the square one day, and blazed forth:

"You're gittin' too smart 'round this town all to onct, young feller. You know more'n your pap a'ready, an' if he can't l'arn ye no respect fer yer elders, I will." He shook a palsied fist at the youth, as he added, in a tone almost pitiable: "An' I'll tell him jest what you done, too."

Defeat would have killed the old man,

and the campaign was beginning to tell on him. But when they raised the fund, it was as a hot and sweetened toddy to warm the cockles of his heart. While he had no adequate concept of it, and while the manner of its working was a mystery to him, he did not doubt its efficacy. He felt safe. Also, as the subject of the only campaign fund Pamunkey County had ever known, he felt a supreme importance, which swelled out his chest and filled him with a ripe content. He even found himself taking the opposition with some zest, now that it was certain to be non-effective. Three days more, thought the squire, and it would be all over. He imagined some sort of civic triumph for himself. He dreamed of a serenade by the Greenfield Silver Cornet Band, in the evening, under the shade of the pine trees about his home. He dramatized himself as bowing and smiling on the front porch. He would go out just as he was, in his shirt sleeves and slippers, his silver-bowed spectacles on his nose, and the Cincinnati paper in his hand. It would be thus more spontaneous, more democratic. Mandy would stand behind him, holding the lamp high. The front picket fence would be black with people. He wondered if there would be enough of the campaign fund left to provide the cake she must offer the band boys, and whether a part of its office was to meet such contingencies. So the old squire sat in his old chair, the split bottom of which had been worn shiny years ago, and smoked his old pipe, with sharp, dry *poufs* of contentment.

The squire looked forward to disbursing the fund himself, but the court house ring still clung to it in indecision. Friday morning, when they met, election was but three days off, and the ring agreed that they must get down to business. Major Turner said, with profound wisdom, that money could be used to best advantage in the saloons. Charley Bassett—he was prosecuting attorney then—asked, with a lawyer's passion for fine distinctions, in what sense the major employed the word "used." Before the major could reply—he had knit his brows and was whittling a fresh chew from his plug, to irrigate his thought—old Bill Williams said:

"No, that won't do; we must use it to get out the vote."

"Well," said Bassett, who always annoyed the old fellows with his young haggling, "how'll you get out the vote?"

The auditor, with an effort at something definite, said:



"But what do you think we'd best spend it fer?"

"Why, we must have organization—that's what wins in elections these days." He shook his head, in a keen triumph, for the phrase pleased him, as phrases do please politicians. He began to conceive himself—gladly, as a great political leader, as an organizer of victory. "Organization, that's the word," he persisted, and then, growing bolder, he brought his fist down on his fat knees, and plunged on heedlessly into detail.

"You just give me that fund," he said, "and I'll—I'll show you," he brought up, lamely.

"Well, tell us how'd you spend it," insisted Bassett. "What'd you buy first? Remember, election's only next Tuesday."

"Why, why," hesitated Williams, "I'd spend it gittin' out the vote. I'd git kerriidges, and have signs painted to hang on the horses, readin'," and he lined the imaginary letters on the rough palm of his left hand with the gnarled forefinger of his right, "'Republican City Committee—Vote for Goddard.'"

The old squire, tickled with the sound of the last legend, broke in with:

"You've got the idee, Billy."

"Course," said Williams, expanding more and more, "I seen 'em that way when I was in Columbus onct, on 'lection day. Get about five good two-horse carriages——"

But the captious Bassett, remembering that old Bill's son-in-law, Hi Wellman, kept the livery stable, interrupted him by saying:

"Oh, that wouldn't cost more'n twenty dollars, and, anyway, we can use our own buggies, same as we've always done."

Captain Bishop, who had been combing his whiskers with his fingers, then advanced his scheme.

"Seems to me," he said, "that we'd ought to have a campaign committee, with a treasurer' and a finance committee, and let the treasurer' pay out only on warrants drawn by the finance committee—then there'd be no question."

"No, there'd be no question," said Bassett, cynically, "there'd be no question. And the finance committee could draw warrants for their own arrest, while they're about it."

The ring gasped, and though the captain tried to say something about business meth-

ods, they were all silent for a long time, chewing their tobacco gravely and thoughtfully, until the squire nervously ventured to ask:

"But what do you think we'd best spend it fer?"

"Votes," said Bassett, laconically.

"That's surely what we want," said Judge Ernest, speaking for the first time. The old men in the circle wheeled towards the probate judge. They had not been surprised at what Bassett said, for he never attended service, and was reputed to be a free-thinker, but Judge Ernest was a pillar in the church.

"Why, John," said Major Turner, "you don't mean to say you'd buy votes?"

"Didn't say I would, did I?" snapped the old man, wriggling uneasily in his Delaware chair. "I meant that the money ought to be used as to produce votes."

"Exactly," assented Bassett.

"And if it don't do that," the judge went on, "why we'd ought to give it back to them as contributed." The judge offered this solution with a new hope dawning in his heart, for he had mourned over the ten dollars he had invested in the fund. A murmur of approval ran around the ring, and the old squire, fearing the dissolution of the fund, was the only one in the room whose face did not glow.

"I'll tell you, boys," said Joe Bogle, "we might whack her up among the crowd and everybody do the best they can with their share."

"That's what I call a grand su'gestion," said Judge Ernest, shaking his head approvingly.

But Bassett shook his head the other way. "No," he said, "that won't do, we want some system in this thing. It ought to be changed into dollar bills and then given to the central committeemen to use in their wards election day. Of course we won't need so much in the strong Republican wards—we'll put it out in Lighttown and down in Gooseville among the niggers, and some of it across the tracks among the boys in the shops—that's where it'll tell."

But the ring stubbornly opposed the idea of letting that pile of money go out of its hands. They put only young men on the city committee, and the honor and importance were enough for them. They would be wanting office next.

The old squire voiced the protest.

"Pear's to me," he whined, "that as I'm runnin', I'd ought to have a leetle of it

fer my own expenses on 'lection day. I've been givin' of my services to the party now fer nigh onto twenty year, not countin' my term in the army, and its expensive, 'specially with that young Halliday carryin' on the way he is——"

"No one never made up a fund for none of us, Hod Goddard," chorused the old fellows.

"Yes, and there's others on the ticket besides you," interrupted Bassett. "Let each candidate spend his own money if he wants to. You hain't paid your assessment yet, anyhow."

"But I'm the head o' the ticket," stammered the squire, his red face deepening to purple.

The booming of the town clock in the court house tower startled the ring, and the county officials glanced at their big silver watches. They were already half an hour late for their dinners.

"And my wife told me to fetch home some meat," said Bassett, forgetting all else as he seized his hat.

And so the conference broke up. Saturday night came, they had no solution, and, like them that do business in great waters, were at their wits' end.

Sunday morning a report spread through the town that caused the ring to take heart of grace. It was a report of serious defections in Halliday's ranks. Jerry Sullivan, Scotty Gordon, old man Garwood, Rice Murrell and even Hank Defrees had been going about town all Saturday afternoon and evening, and everywhere they went they told people it was no use—Halliday couldn't be elected. He might have been two weeks ago, if he had acted differently, but now—they shook their heads. They couldn't stand for him any more—he needn't look to them for support—he hadn't treated them right—they had been fools to expect anything from such a dude. Five hundred dollars, they said, judiciously used, would settle his hash. They wished they had the management of it, they would revenge themselves for his slights and insults. And these were representative men, even if their portraits had not been half-toned for the "History of Pamunkey County." Jerry Sullivan lived on the hill behind the priest's house, and was the "darlint" of all the old women in Lighttown. He was a lad of power in the Fifth Ward. Scotty Gordon lived across the tracks in the Second Ward and worked in the shops; old man Garwood lived just at the edge of town, on the Blue Jacket Road, in the

Fourth Ward, and Rice Murrell, the Rev. Rice Murrell, the pastor of the A. M. E. church—who had turned Democrat when they took the janitorship of the court house away from him—could do more with the colored voters down in Gooseville than any man, save Judge Halliday, and he was out of politics. Hank Defrees, of course, who still shivered under the fringe of a ragged garment of respectability by clinging to a heavily mortgaged home far out on Scioto street, where the better element of the town began to thin out into social mediocrity, stood for the aristocratic Third Ward, with its normal Republican majority of 211. The Democrats had never been able to make up a ward delegation in the Third, and Defrees for years and years had sat in all city and county conventions very much at large.

Such a defection, on the eve of election, was serious, as every one recognized. Just after dinner, on Sunday, Judge Halliday, who had disclaimed all interest in the campaign, beckoned his son into the parlor, darkened for secrets, and said to him in a whisper that Mrs. Halliday plainly heard over the banister of the staircase in the hall:

"Did you know that Hank Defrees and that Sullivan boy and Gordon and old man Garwood, and even Rice Murrell, are around working against you?"

George gasped with surprise.

"And did you know," the father whispered on, "that the Republicans have raised a corruption fund—five hundred dollars, I understand?"

"Yes, I heard that," said George, "must be getting desperate, you fellows; eh?"

"Now, my son," said the judge, with brows lowered, "you know I would have absolutely nothing to do with such a business as that. You know my opinions on such things too well."

"Oh, of course, father," said the boy, "that's all right. I know you wouldn't countenance it—"

"And I was just going to say," the elder man continued, "that while I do not agree with you, and while I would not vote for you—at least, I do not think I would—I was just going to say that if you need any money yourself, to meet any of the—ah—legitimate expenses of your campaign, why, just call on me."

The boy grasped his father's hand, and when he could speak, he said:

"Thank you, father, thank you, but not now—it isn't worth it—but I'll see what's the matter with these Indians, anyway."

George went to his offices, over the People's National Bank and waited an hour in the rear room, a dark and dingy room, with the dust of a country law office deep on everything, and one ray of sunlight scrambling in through the heavy shutters from the alley. Then one after another, up the worn and splintered stairs with tin signs of insurance agents and notaries public on every step, five men clambered. They were grinning when they entered the room, grinning and standing about awkwardly, all save Hank Defrees, who was solemn and imponderable, chewing his tobacco as gravely as if he were making an appearance in court.

"Well," said George, standing in the middle of the floor, "anything happened?"

The men all looked at one another, hesitating to speak, but finally Scotty Gordon said:

"Happened! Well, I guess yes."

"What?" queried George.

"Well," he began, "now I done it, and last night old Bill Williams hunted me up in Jake Fogarty's saloon, and, well, he offered me fifty dollars to use if I wanted it."

"Say," Jerry Sullivan broke in—"Captain Bishop offered me seventy-five."

"And didn't you take it?"

"Why, no," said Jerry.

"What did you tell him?"

The lad's eyes twinkled.

"I told him," he answered, slowly, "that it wouldn't be a drop in the bucket."

"Good for you," said George. "And now, Mr. Garwood?"

"Well," said the old man, "don't know as I got much to say. Major Turner, though, 'as 'round to my house this morning, an'— Well, he offered me fifty dollars if I felt the way I had been reported, and thought I could use it."

"Judge," said George, turning to Defrees, "it's up to you."

The old lawyer took his tobacco in his fist and chucked it away. "Joe Bogle," he said, "told me he knew where there's a hundred for me if I could do any good with it."

"And, doctor," said Halliday, facing around to the Rev. Mr. Murrell, who stood solemn in his black garments and white tie, "what happened to you?"

The old negro glanced all around him, and even craned his neck to peer into the room beyond.

"Well, suh," he began, "Judge Ernest 'as out this mornin' to hyah me preach, an' aftah service was ovah, he drewed me to one side, and 'gin to talk politics. He ast



"Oh, nevah you feah 'bout Gooseville, mah brothah—she'll be votin' early an' of'en to-morrah, an' she'll vote right."

me how I felt towa'ds you all, Mistuh Halliday, an'—— Ah didn' like to say it—but you done tol' me, 'membah."

"That's right," said George, urging the parson out of his hesitation, "you made it strong, I hope."

"Wellum, Ah tol' the jedge that Ah wasn' pow'ful strong on you any moah, sense, Ah said, you all hadn't felt 'sposed to help us 'ith the subscription fo' the new roof on ouah chu'ch."

"That was clever," said George, "damned clever—I beg your pardon." The old negro's eyes had widened till their whites showed, and he had raised his hands, holding up his yellow palms before George. "But go on."

"Well, suh, the jedge 'as al'ays had an interest in ouah spiritual welfare, an' so he 'lowed we'd ought to be holpen out some." The old man paused and swallowed ceremoniously. "An' so, gen'lemen, he offered me a hundred an' fifty dollahs."

The dark eyes of the old man shone with a strange, new lustre.

"What did you say?"

"Well, suh," the preacher hesitated, "Ah took it."

George brought his hand down on the parson's shoulder with a heavy slap and he laughed. "Good, Bishop, good."

They counted the money out on the table—exactly \$490, the first campaign fund Greenfield had ever known. Then they laughed and laughed and laughed.

When Halliday had laid his plans for the morrow's battle before his companions, he leaned back in his chair and said, turning to the Rev. Rice Murrell:

"I don't suppose, Bishop, that you approve of the use of money in politics, do you?"

"No, suh," the old preacher replied, with a smart gravity, "an' somepin' done tol' me yist'day, when the jedge come to see me, that it 'as jus' providential that this much o' that filthy lucuh 'as removed from corruptin' ouah 'lections by bein' placed in mah han's." His rolling eyes bulged and he dribbled at the mouth as he fingered the pile of bills.

"Well," said George, "don't put too big a roof on the church, and remember—Gooseville's going to vote to-morrow."

"Oh, nevah you feah 'bout Gooseville, mah brothah—she'll be votin' early an' of'en to-morrah, an' she'll vote right."

George Halliday was mayor of Greenfield but one term. That is a trick that has been played once in every town in this free republic—but it can never be played twice.

OUR CONGRESSIONAL PRESIDENT

By GEORGE LELAND HUNTER

IT is not a healthy sign for the people of a nation always to be crying for a strong man to protect them against the folly or wickedness of their legislators. It indicates that they have lost faith in their ability to work modern political institutions. It shows a fatal eagerness to shirk political responsibility. During recent years a majority of the newspapers of continental Europe have repeatedly asserted that only in England does parliamentary government hold its own. In Germany an emperor, conspicuous for energy and resolution, has exalted the position of the Executive, depressing correspondingly the position of the Reichstag. In Austria, government by imperial decree has recently supplanted government by the representatives of the people. In France it has more than once seemed as if the enemies of popular government would succeed in their attempt to instal a dictator. In the United States the power of the President appeared at one time greatly to have increased owing to the personal force and integrity of a man who, distrusting members of city councils, legislatures and Congress, had vetoed his way into the Presidential chair. The *New York Nation* on the 15th of June, 1899, said: "The faith in the saving power of parliamentary institutions, so manifest during the first half of this century, has given way to scepticism and distrust. Seventy-five years ago the people's dearest interests were cheerfully intrusted to the wisdom of a legislative assembly. . . . The forefathers fought for representative government as the only guarantee of civil and political liberty; the sons cry out that the blessings are small and the evils are great."

It is quite true, as the *Nation* says, that many to-day doubt the advantages of representative government, but it is also true that in the United States at the time of the adoption of the Constitution there was no undue confidence in legislatures or Congress. In pre-revolutionary days the American colonists retained an enthusiastic affection for George III.—who, they argued, had been deceived by bad councillors—long after they had come to regard the English Parliament with distrust and even with hatred. During

the Revolution they saw more clearly the mistakes than the virtues of the Continental Congress. And when independence had been won on the battlefield, and military necessity no longer constrained the dissatisfied, murmurs against the inefficiency of the central legislature became constantly louder.

Consequently in the Constitutional Convention there were some so disgusted with representative government that they were almost ready to vote for hereditary monarchy, and felt that at the very least the Executive should have the power of absolute veto. Others, radically republican, still adhered to the idea of a parliament responsible only to the people and unhampered by Executive interference. The result of the compromise, which permits a two-thirds majority of each house to override a veto, has been to preserve in a marvelous manner the balance of power between the Executive and the legislative departments.

For convenience, I shall call Presidents who have been free users of the veto power "King Presidents," and their opposites "Congressional Presidents." The most striking examples of the "King President" are the two Democrats, Jackson and Cleveland, and the two Republicans, Johnson and Grant; the most striking examples of the "Congressional President" are the two Democrats, Jefferson and Monroe, and the two Republicans, Lincoln and McKinley.

"King Presidents" have been inspired by the idea that they were the special and peculiar representatives of the people chosen to protect the people against other representatives. Jackson, being able to persuade the people that he was right, greatly exalted the authority of the chief magistrate. When one Congress fought him, the people sent him another that was submissive. Johnson could not command the support of the people, and by his attempt at absolutism exalted the power of Congress. Grant, though the idol of the people to the end, could not get a submissive Congress. Cleveland, who was swept into office by a wave of popular protest against existing political abuses, retained the admiration of the people well into his second term. No president

ever treated Congress with such disdain as he.

Among "Congressional Presidents" Jefferson is an extraordinary example of the able politician. Avowedly and intentionally he endeavored to show that he looked on Congress as the centre of government, on himself as the servant of Congress. But his personality was so attractive, and the party behind him so strong, that Congress almost without exception followed his initiative. The result of the Jeffersonian policy of allowing the representatives of the people to govern became apparent under Madison. The authority of the President visibly declined. During the "era of good feeling," under Monroe, the authority of Congress was greater than at any other time in the history of our country. It did not occur to a President nominated in Congressional caucus to resist the body that had made him. Under Lincoln, the authority of the President—which, in the interval since Jackson, had declined—noticeably increased, partly owing to Lincoln's political ability, partly to the opportunity of war.

As the veto is the bludgeon which the masterful Executive employs to beat an offending legislative body into submission, it is clear that the number and importance of a President's vetoes will to a certain extent measure his self-assertiveness. The following table of vetoes is instructive:

<i>First six Presidents</i>	9
Jackson	12
Lincoln	3
<i>First sixteen Presidents</i>	52
Johnson	21
Grant	43
<i>First twenty-one Presidents</i>	132
Cleveland	343
McKinley	2
<i>Total vetoes to date</i>	496

It will be noticed that Jackson, a man of strong prejudices which he sometimes mistook for principles, all the more adamant of purpose because constitutionally unable to see more than one side of the shield, adapted by nature to military rather than civil command, showed his opinion of Congress by vetoing twelve bills, three more than all his predecessors. Johnson, who also had an over-confidence in his own judgment, used the veto twenty-one times, twice more than any predecessor except Jackson, and suffered the extreme indignity of having fifteen bills passed over his veto. Grant in his two terms wrote forty-three veto mes-

sages. Cleveland, fresh from autocracy at Buffalo and Albany, wrote 301 in his first term—over twice as many as all the twenty-one Presidents who preceded him—and forty-two in his second term. Washington wrote two, John Adams none, Jefferson none, Monroe one, Van Buren none, Lincoln three, Arthur four, McKinley two. Five bills were passed over Cleveland's veto. Not a single member of either House has yet voted in favor of passing a bill over McKinley's veto.

Daniel Webster said that the new use of the veto power in all its forms by Jackson "tended to disturb the harmony which ought always to exist between Congress and the Executive, and to turn that which the Constitution intended only as an extraordinary remedy for extraordinary cases, into a common means of making Executive discretion paramount to the discretion of Congress in the enactment of laws."

Lincoln said, in the summer of 1848: "Were I President, I should desire the legislation of the country to rest with Congress, uninfluenced by the Executive in its origin or progress, and undisturbed by the veto unless in very special and clear cases." Furthermore, although Governor of Ohio for four years, McKinley had no experience in the use of the veto, inasmuch as that state never found it necessary to hamper its legislature by giving the Governor the power of veto.

It is not a fortunate thing for a republic to acquire the habit of electing military heroes to the chief magistracy. For the professions of warrior and statesman are in every respect unlike and governed by different standards. In an army or navy freedom is impossible, and military discipline inevitable. Individuals are only cogs in a great machine. The will of the commander is law.

In the United States only five men, Washington, Jackson, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Grant, have been chosen President because of their martial fame: for in other chief magistrates who won distinction on the battlefield, military seemed to be exceeded by civil virtues.

Two of the military heroes, William Henry Harrison and Taylor, died in office before it was seen whether they could adapt themselves to civil office. The other three, Washington, Jackson and Grant, were all honored with a second term, and had such a hold upon the affections of the people that any one of them might have held office indefinitely had not the rare good sense of Washington, combined with his experience in the

affairs of civil government, caused him to set a "no third term" precedent.

Jackson was the first President to take the Napoleonic pose. His distrust of Congress had not been lessened by the fact that in 1824, when the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, John Quincy Adams was preferred to himself. So, in 1828, when elected by a large majority, he was quite in the mood to look on Congressmen as the false representatives, himself as the only true representative of the people. And before long the people, worshipping him as the hero of New Orleans, came to believe that he could do no wrong, and that he was their peculiar champion. The more enemies he made among the rich, the intelligent, the respectable, the firmer was his hold upon the poor, the ignorant, the unfortunate. He finally attained such regal position that he was able to name his own successor. And Van Buren was by no means the last presidential candidate who sought the shelter of General Jackson's "ample military coat tail."

Yet, in 1834, the Senate of the United States, by a vote of 26 to 20, had passed the following resolution to censure Jackson for his course towards the Bank of the United States: "*Resolved*, That the President, in the late executive proceedings in relation to the public revenue, has assumed upon himself authority and power not conferred by the Constitution and laws, but in derogation of both." In supporting the resolution Henry Clay accused the President of "open, palpable, and daring usurpation." After having assumed all the powers of the government, executive, legislative and judicial, he had ended by seizing the public purse, as Caesar had seized the treasury of Rome. "For more than fifteen years," said Mr. Clay, "I have been struggling to avoid the present state of things. I thought I perceived in some proceedings (of General Jackson's) during the conduct of the Seminole war, a spirit of defiance to the Constitution and to all law." And Calhoun, comparing Jackson and his followers with Caesar, said: "With money I will get men, and with men money," was the maxim of the Roman plunderer. With money we will get partisans, with partisans votes, and with votes money, is the maxim of our public pilferers."

Grant's administration is a most signal illustration of the folly of expecting the military hero to display the virtues of the statesman. For certainly no more modest, unas-

suming and well-intentioned man ever lived in the White House. His eighth and last message to Congress is almost pathetic. In it he said: "It was my fortune or misfortune to be called to the office of Chief Executive without any previous political training. . . . Under such circumstances, it is but reasonable to suppose that errors of judgment must have occurred. . . . (But) failures have been errors of judgment, not of intent." Grant was unable to get over the military habit. He could not force himself to allow Congress to perform its constitutional duties unhampered. His vetoes were numerous and not always well considered. As John Sherman says: "The policy adopted (by Grant as President), and the controlling influences around him were purely personal. He consulted but few of the Senators or members, and they were known as his personal friends. . . . This was a period of bitter accusation, extending from the President to almost every one in public life. . . . General Grant was so honest that he did not suspect others, and no doubt confided in, and was friendly with, those who abused his confidence. It was a period of slander and scandal."

Two Presidents, Johnson and Cleveland, did not need military training to make them imperious. The first, despite Congressional training, the second, perhaps for lack of it, attempted to override Congress. But as neither was deified in the eyes of the people by military glory, neither had a lasting hold upon the affections of the people. So that Congress without fear of retribution passed fifteen out of twenty-one vetoed bills over Johnson's veto, and the House of Representatives having impeached him, the Senate failed by only one vote to give the two-thirds majority necessary for conviction.

Johnson's extraordinary inability to appreciate the nature of representative government appears in his address "To the People of the United States," issued on the occasion of his retirement from the Presidency. He gives an alarming description of the dangers that "the government may be wholly subverted and overthrown by a two-thirds majority in Congress," and laments because "encroachments upon the Constitution cannot be prevented by the President alone, however devoted or determined he may be, and because unless the people interpose there is no power under the Constitution to check a dominant majority of two-thirds in the Congress of the United States," and because "the veto power

lodged in the Executive by the Constitution for the interest and protection of the people, and exercised by Washington and his successors, has been rendered nugatory by a partisan majority of two-thirds in each branch of the national legislature."

Cleveland was, indeed, an extraordinary President in ordinary times. With a natural self-confidence multiplied a thousandfold by his meteoric rise into national prominence, he tried to manage Congress by bulldozing it as he had previously managed the City Council of Buffalo and the Legislature of New York. And although he failed to establish, like Jackson, an all powerful personal machine, and although, by 1894, he had succeeded in alienating not only the representatives of the people, but the people themselves, to such an extent that the *New York Tribune* said, "President Cleveland is politically the most lonely man on earth," he did succeed in getting himself twice re-nominated and once re-elected.

With regard to his relations with our national legislators, James D. Richardson, now leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, wrote in 1897:

"Cleveland had less influence on Congress than any President save Johnson. He seemed to despise rather than court the good-will of Congressmen. He made them feel that he regarded them with suspicion, and that he was reposing in the reflection that the people had chosen him as their peculiar protector and guardian angel, and he did not hesitate to shut the door in the faces of all other public servants."

In 1886 the Senate Committee on Pensions in reporting a veto message back to the Senate and recommending the passage of the bill despite the President's objections, took occasion to say: "So great has become the number of such (private pension) vetoes interposed by the present Executive, all within a few weeks past, and so extraordinary the censure, sometimes rudely expressed, and in nearly every case severely implied, of the action of the two Houses of Congress and of their committees . . . that your committee feel they are justified in a brief review of the circumstances involved. . . . Much criticism has been indulged in by the President of the methods of legislation pursued by the two Houses of Congress, and however uninformed he may be upon the subject, and however unintentionally by reason of want of knowledge he may have misrepresented to the country the methods of legislation which have been pursued in like

cases ever since congresses and parliaments have existed, and which have since parliaments became free been safe from kingly and presidential interference, all the same the people are misled by the unwarranted statements of the President as to the manner in which legislation upon pensions, claims, and the like is, and of necessity must be, conducted."

However, as "extraordinary censure" "severely implied" had assisted Cleveland to emerge from local obscurity at Buffalo, he could hardly be expected to learn or practice the ways of gentleness at Washington. This is how he had addressed the City Council of Buffalo in his "Plain Speech Veto": "This is a time for plain speech, and my objection to the action of your honorable body, now under consideration, shall be plainly stated. I withhold my assent from the same because I regard it as the culmination of a most barefaced, impudent and shameless scheme to betray the interests of the people and worse than to squander the public money."

Perhaps nothing except his acts indicates more clearly Cleveland's faith in "one-man government" than what he said with regard to a bill drawn up at his suggestion, and providing that appointments previously made by the mayor and confirmed by the board of aldermen of New York City should henceforth be "made by the mayor without such confirmation." His words were: "I can hardly realize the unprincipled boldness of the man who would accept at the hands of his neighbors this sacred trust, and standing alone in the full light of public observation, should wilfully prostitute his powers and defy the will of the people. To say that such a man could by such means perpetuate his wicked rule is to concede either that the people are vile or that self-government is a deplorable failure."

I should like to say much about Lincoln, the third of the "Congressional Presidents" whom I have named, for more than any other he illustrates what enormous good can be done by the skilful politician. At a period when recrimination was rife, when every defeat in battle brought an avalanche of abuse upon the administration, when those who were loyal were divided into numerous cliques, each with its panacea, Lincoln patiently and gently listened to the advice of all, patiently and gently waited until both Congress and people wanted what he wanted, and then acted immediately, vigorously, effectively. Extremists were never

satisfied with Lincoln. They called him an opportunist. They lost patience with his dilly-dallying. They could not see with the eyes of posterity which perceive that Lincoln was right in refusing to issue the Emancipation Proclamation until the critical moment had come.

Lincoln never hesitated to offer office to those willing and able to help him. The personnel of his Cabinet was always dictated by political considerations. He obtained the support of a great New York newspaper by appointing its editor minister to one of the European capitals. He tried to settle factional quarrels in the different states by the judicious bestowal of patronage. The result of his political sagacity was that Congress trusted him and the people trusted him. It was clear that no personal opinion would be preferred to the opinion of his constituents. He appreciated his duty as representative as well as his duty to his own ideal. Consequently his opinion always received the most respectful consideration from Congress, and had more persuasive influence than that of dictatorial Presidents.

The training of President McKinley has been such that he certainly ought to be a "Congressional President." He was a member of the House of Representatives for thirteen years, during which he rose to the position of leader of his party and took part in much of the most important legislation. Here he learned to understand the real motives of the average Congressman, and to appreciate the fact that many of his fellow members were men of marked ability, and that most were men of honesty. Here he watched with impatience the non-Congressional attitude of Cleveland. Here he became the acquaintance or friend of Republicans and Democrats who were later to support or oppose the policies of his administration. Here he acquired an intimate knowledge of the working of the entire governmental machine.

President McKinley is at once a partisan and a peacemaker. He has settled many party quarrels, and is said never to have been a participant in any. At times he has shown a loyalty to others almost too altruistic to seem credible in political life.

The most notable instance was in 1888, when the Ohio delegation went to the National Republican Convention pledged for Sherman. There were several candidates, and the contest was prolonged. The delegates were becoming weary. There was an

admirable chance for a "dark horse." When it came to the sixth ballot some one voted for William McKinley. The delegates cheered. The state following gave him seventeen votes. It looked like McKinley. His labors for Sherman, his pleas for the Ohio Senator as he went from delegation to delegation, had won support for himself. Then McKinley, with a stern look in his face, stepped on a chair and began to speak. There was in his voice a tone not natural to it, a defiant tone. The Ohio delegation had been instructed for Sherman, he said, and duty forbade McKinley to remain silent.

"I should not respect myself if I could find it in my heart to do, or to permit to be done, that which could even be ground for any one to suspect that I wavered in my loyalty to Ohio, or any devotion to the chief of her choice and the chief of mine. I do not request—I demand—that no delegate who would not cast reflection upon me shall cast a ballot for me."

McKinley's nomination at the St. Louis Convention in 1896 was the natural result of his career as party leader. Other Republican leaders as well as the Republican rank and file called for McKinley. All were his friends, for he had antagonized none. His election, they believed, would promote the interests of the party as well as the interests of the country.

It is as party leader that McKinley has been able to wield the vast influence which some complain of and others deny. His party allies in Congress, to whom some say he is too submissive, stand by him through thick and thin. They are alert to checkmate moves made against him or his administration by political opponents. In return, they reap the reward that comes from the control of political patronage. They take counsel with the President, and can therefore explain the motives of the administration to the country at large. They advise the President, and as he often gives in to them, they are able with better grace to give in to him upon occasion. President McKinley has not been content, however, to maintain harmony within the ranks of his own party. He has made numerous efforts to enlist the aid of political opponents. It is hardly necessary to add, what everybody knows, that he has done this with remarkable success.

Critics who are hostile to parliamentary government in general, and to a "Congressional President," in particular, find a point of attack in the harmony that now exists

between Congress and the executive. They see in this harmony the degeneracy of our institutions.

Last year the New York *Nation* said:

"There was to be, while he (McKinley) was President, none of that incessant disagreement and quarreling between the Executive and Congress which marked and marred the second administration of Mr. Cleveland. Instead of an irritable and pig-headed President, we were to have one all suavity and infinite tact, and instead of an Executive and Congress at perpetual loggerheads, we were to see the two moving on in spheric harmony. Distinct notice of the change to come was served in Mr. McKinley's inaugural when he said:

"I do not sympathize with the sentiment that Congress in session is dangerous to our business interests.' And there was a veritable cry, 'I'm wid ye, me byes!' in his first annual message to Congress, of which the opening sentence was: 'It gives me pleasure to extend greeting to the Fifty-fifth Congress . . . with many of whose Senators

and Representatives I have been associated in the legislative service.'"

It cannot be denied that in harmony there is danger, and that when the wheels of the governmental machine run smoothly we have quite as much need to be on the watch as when they creak. But human nature is such that the average citizen must be spurred to his civic duty by the necessity of reform, and not until corruption is rife will he exert himself "to turn the rascals out." Then he calls for non-compromisers to hold the elective offices. Then he demands a "King President." But inasmuch as it is more important to do than to undo, and as constructive statesmanship remains impossible while the Executive devotes himself to the task of thwarting Congress, and Congress devotes itself to the task of thwarting the Executive, there comes a time for recrimination to cease. Then, with Congress and a "Congressional President" working together, we begin to appreciate what a brilliant part in world history belongs to the seventy million men and women of the United States.

OUR JOSEPHINE

By OPIE READ

Author of "The Jucklins," etc., etc.

A COUNTY fair was, in progress at the mountain town of Black Oak. Among the many attractions assembled for the week, the side show, the man spinning glass, the fellow eating fire, the astonishing individual who swallowed a sword, was a dramatic company managed by J. Croudus. It was advertised as the finest combination that had ever left a metropolis to flash art upon the provinces. Shakespeare was not beyond its ambition. The leading lady, Miss Josephine Tabb, had been declared by an Eastern critic to be "an atavistic revival of a Charlotte Cushman." The dim hall which served as a theatre was crowded nightly. The people of the village began to refer to Miss Tabb as "our Josephine." Todd Colins had brought down a heifer to exhibit at the fair. The animal failed of the premium, and Todd was sitting moodily in front of the tavern when an acquaintance came along and requested him to go with him to the show.

"What sort of a show?"

"Why, a theatre. They are going to play 'As You Like It.'"

"I don't know that I quite gather what you mean. Say, Sam, those scoundrels cheated me out of that premium. Prettiest heifer you ever saw, and mother had her heart set on that silver cup."

"It can't be helped. Come on and go with me."

"I tell you I don't know anything about the sort of show you mean. I know all about the circus and the minstrels and the concert, but the 'As You Like It' show is new to me."

"Why, it's acting, don't you understand?"

"I'll go, but I don't know how long I'll stay."

Todd leaned back to wait for whatever might happen. The music soothed him, but he took little interest in the beginning of the play. He whispered to his friend that it was nothing but a school exhibition; but when *Rosalind* came out he caught his

breath and muttered something which the friend did not catch.

"What did you say?"

"I said she's an angel. What's her name?"

"Here it is on the bill."

Todd did not know when the performance came to an end, but he felt himself strike the earth, felt a darkness in his bosom, and then he found himself going down the narrow stairs. He walked about the town in a strange delirium. Some one attempted to console him. He asked what about. "Why, for losing the premium." "Oh, that's all right. I had forgot all about it." He dozed off to sleep with his head in a rainbow; his dream was a sweet tune embodied into human form, the actress. The next morning he hired a man to take his heifer home, and sent a note to his mother, telling her he did not know when he might return. That night he sat in the theatre. The bill was new; he did not know, did not care what they played. There was the girl talking to his heart. When the end came he went out to walk the streets all night. And when the sun arose, he sneaked off to the woods, afraid that every eye could penetrate into his trouble. But before the lamps were lighted in the hall he was at the foot of the stairs. Ah, and there she was again, different in dress, but the same immortal thing, descended from above. He did not walk the streets after the performance. It was the last night, and the company was to proceed to the little town of Emry, fifteen miles distant. He went to the railway and got on the train. Passing through the car he saw her, and, even divested of shining raiment, she was still beautiful. He would have loved her now had she proved to be a hag. It was the first time that his soul had cried, and the echo would waft away to the end of his life.

At the end of a week, in Emry, the show departed for Rock Point. Todd followed it. He had sold a number of hogs and was prepared to follow. He dared not project his mind to the end of his money. One night Croudus said to Josephine, "There's your mash sitting out there. He's following us everywhere we go."

"Poor fellow," she said.

"He pays his way," Croudus replied.

At the next town there was Todd in a front seat. Croudus pitied him. "Let me see you a moment," he said, at the conclusion of the performance. Todd looked at him with fear in his eyes. But he followed

him. "Where do you live?" the manager asked, when no one was within hearing.

"Up among the mountains."

"Then you are a farmer."

"Yes, I farm some."

"And don't you think you'd better stick to it. What can you gain by following us?"

"I'm not following us."

"Well, then, by following her. What good will it do you? You'll have to stop sooner or later."

Todd gazed at him. "And a man has to die sooner or later, but that don't cause him to kill himself. I haven't asked any favors of you; I haven't put myself in the lady's way, and I have a right to come into the show so long as I pay."

"Yes, all that's true, and I'm just speaking to you for your own good. It's no uncommon thing for young fellows who haven't been about much to fall in love with girls or even old women on the stage, and sometimes——"

"Mister, my love is a different sort from theirs. I am no fool. I haven't been around much, it is true, but I have read books—Shakespeare and a whole lot of plays since I began to follow, and in comparing myself with others, it doesn't seem to me that there has ever been any love but mine."

"But the outcome! You can't hope for anything."

"No, that may be true; but I'll follow you as long as I can."

Croudus was struck with Todd's manner and voice. He spoke to Josephine. "He's an unfledged poet—a fine fellow, I have no doubt, and I wish you would reason with him. When we go to the hotel I'll send him up."

With trembling knees, Todd went up the stairway. He tapped upon a door, and the voice that answered shot a thrill through his heart. He entered and stood in her presence, not an awkward countryman, but as a brave man who feels the grasp of fate at his throat, as many a soldier has stood when condemned to be shot.

"Won't you please sit down, Mr. Collins." He started at the sound of his name, wondering how it could have come to her.

"No, I thank you," he replied, bowing.

"You have been kind enough to permit me to come into your presence, miss, and I thank you for it. But I have not come to be sent away—from your presence, yes, but not from sight of you. And standing here I acknowledge what no true man should be ashamed of, that I am completely



"When *Rosalind* came out he caught his breath."

swallowed up by a passion that I did not really know existed anywhere in the world. Of this I make no apology. It is not my fault, and it is not yours."

"Please sit down, I want to talk to you." He obeyed, watching her as she smoothed back her hair, and to him it seemed that the motion of her hand was a beckoning to words that would not come to her. He felt that she was warm of heart, that it would grieve her to wound him.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Collins. No true woman could look with coolness upon such an avowal. And I do look kindly upon it, but

that must be all. You think me a great light on the stage. I am not; I am new, never having been before a metropolitan audience. I am a country girl, and this is my first season. Mr. Croudus is a relative of mine, and gave me the opportunity to go upon the stage. I have realized that I am not fitted for it. I haven't the voice, and I fear that I can never summon the application. I live in a little town not far from the place where you first saw me, and I am engaged to be married to a judge. So my career upon the stage will be short unless he permits me to continue."

Todd sat unmoved by the announcement that she was engaged to a judge. He would not have winced had she declared herself engaged to a president. The thought that she could love him had never beat against his mind. It could not possibly have entered in to become a part of his thought concerning her. "I didn't come to ask you to marry me. I have never dreamed of such a thing. I might wish to be a great man, a general or a senator, and I have thought of such things, but I know what's beyond me. All I ask is to look at you as long as I can, and when I can't any

longer, why then something else must—must take place. My old mother, living up on the side of the mountain, has always been distressed because I didn't seem to believe stronger in the Lord, and I confess that I was rather weak. But you have given me religion, and I believe in heaven and the angels."

"Mr. Collins, you must not talk that way. You embarrass me so. Believe me and don't be angry when I say I pity you."

"Yes, I believe you and I pity myself. I don't believe there ever was a case just like mine. The fact that you were to marry a

judge wouldn't rob me of you so long as I could see you. You belong to my eyes and through my eyes to my soul. I believe you leave for Radville to-night. So do I."

He strode out and she did not see him again until the next night, in a new town, and there he sat in a front seat. The man who played the part of a low comedian, and who, as the actors say, was very funny "off," thought to have sport with the jay, and had his jaws boxed. Croudus shook hands with him. He was in fine humor. His agent had closed a contract with a house in Memphis. A date had been canceled, and the Croudus company had to go at once.

The thought of going to a city did not daunt Todd. And when the curtain went up, upon Josephine's first appearance before a cultivated audience, there he sat in front, gazing. And now she found him a sort of inspiration; he brought the confidence which she was afraid had been left in the country. She did her best, but felt that she was a failure. And so the critics pronounced her. But they praised her beauty, and her soft Southern accent. The criticisms, however, had no effect either for or against her, for by the time the papers were out the city was wild with the announcement that yellow fever had broken out. By noon three more cases had developed, and then arose a wild exodus from the town. That night there were but few persons in the audience, and some of them left before the first act was done, excited by the cries of newsboys in the street. Two days later, just as Croudus was arranging for the departure of his company, came the news that a shotgun quarantine had been established against Memphis.

"So," he said, "we are shut up like rats." Todd was standing near. A smile brightened his face. "You can't take her away," he said. That night, for the first time, he sent up his name. Josephine met him at the head of the stairs, took his hand and led him into the drawing room.

"Will you do me a favor?" she asked.

"You couldn't ask one that I wouldn't attempt."

"Can you get me away from here? Mr. Croudus told me that he had a chance to escape, but that he couldn't take any one with him. He said that now it is a case of individual lookout. I called him a coward. He did not flinch. Indeed, he said, 'Yes, good-by.' And now can you get me away? I am not at all well, and I am afraid of the fever."

She looked at him in astonishment. Never

before had she seen so happy a face. He told her to wait for him, and he went out. At twelve o'clock he returned and found her stricken with the disease. They hastened her out of the hotel, and he went with her to the hospital, and there he sat, day and night, watching her. Once when a gleam of reason lighted her eye; she found his hand and pressed it, and now he bowed his head and wept. The weeks oozed along.



"What can you gain by following us?"

Time had ceased to flow. She was recovering—sitting up. "If I could only get to the mountains," she said.

"Do you think you could stand the strain of traveling in a wagon?"

She said that she could, and he went out. He spent the last of his money for a wagon and horse, and arranging a swinging mattress in the vehicle, announced that he was ready to take her away. But everywhere was drawn the dead line of the shotgun

quarantine. But he would dare anything, so he lifted her into the wagon and slowly drove away. No opposition was met till he reached a point about four miles out, and then a man stepped forth and commanded him to halt. He did so. But he disarmed the man, springing upon him unexpectedly, and drove on. Soon afterward he was again commanded to halt, and this time he raised a gun and shouted: "On business for the state. Get out of my way." The guard was ignorant, and not possessed of an over-degree of nerve, so he stood aside.

At night he camped by the roadside.



"Believe me and don't be angry when I say, I pity you."

Looking down, he saw the starlight on the woman's face. She was sound asleep, and a prayer flowed from his heart. He had trouble again the next day, but by nightfall had passed beyond the boundary of alert alarm. And now, over the smooth road he drove at a brisk pace. The journey and the change of air greatly improved the patient. On the fourth day she sat upon the seat with him.

"What are you going to do with me?" she asked.

"Take you to my mother's house till you are well."

"And will you send word to the judge?"

"Yes," he answered, without hesitation.

Soon they were ascending the cooling slope of the mountains. The woods were sweet with the ripeness of autumn. But a rain came from high up among the blue peaks, and they had to put up at a wayside inn. Here they remained several days, and when again they set forth, she was laughing. The hue of the red haw was returning to her cheek.

The sun was going down one evening when they reached a small farm-house in the midst of a clump of spice bushes. An

old woman came out with a cry, and seeing the girl, stood with her mouth half open. "No, not my wife," said Todd. And then he told of his experience in the desolate city. The old woman took the girl by the hand and led her into the house.

"Now don't you worry about putting me to trouble, miss. It's been so long since I've had anything to do that it's a favor instead of a hardship."

The girl sat at a window looking down into a ravine, and for the first time realized what had been done for her, the devotion of the son and the kindness of the mother, and when the old woman came in with flowers, harvested from a sheltered nook, she found the girl in tears. "You mustn't cry, my dear. You'll soon be well, and

then you can go back to your folks."

Strengthened by the mountain air, Josephine soon began to walk about. Todd saw her swinging on a vine that looped down over the pathway. He did not presume to go near her. Close contact had not induced familiarity. She called him, and he came down the path with his hat in his hand.

"Mr. Collins, why does your mother insist upon bringing my meals to the room when I would rather come to the table?"

"It was my request. I thought you wanted to be alone."

"But I don't want to be alone. I enjoy



"A man stepped forth and commanded him to halt."

being with you. And I wish you wouldn't be quite so dignified. I don't believe I ever heard you laugh, but your mother says that you are full of fun."

"And so is a puppy, miss, but the old dog walks off to think."

"Oh, what an idea. What are you going to do with the gun?"

"Kill some squirrels for you."

"Please don't kill them. They are so pretty."

"You have saved their lives," he said.

She called him.

"Will you do me a favor? But why such a question? I know you will. I have written to the judge. Will you please take the letter to him."

He returned to her, took a letter from her hand and went away. Shortly afterward she saw him riding down the mountain. She did not see him when he returned, but the next day, sitting at the window, she saw a carriage coming. It stopped in front of the

house, and a man dressed in black got out. She hastened to him and he took her hands and held them. The old woman came to the door and announced that dinner was ready. The judge met her with a graceful bow and thanked her for the kindness which she had shown the girl. The old woman smiled, but her heart was sad. Her son had said nothing, but she knew. Todd was not at the table. The dinner horn was blown, but he did not come. The girl was uneasy; she wanted to tell him good-by.

"A fine young fellow, I imagine," said the judge.

"God never made a nobler man," replied Josephine, and the old woman smiled, though her chin shook. Josephine went about calling Todd. The judge became impatient and requested her to come on, as they had a long journey before them. At last she got into the carriage and was driven away.

In the woods, near the path, Todd sat beneath a tree, his head low, his hat on the

ground. He had heard her calling him, had seen the carriage drive off. He sat there a long time, and his mother called him, but he neither answered nor lifted his head. Something touched him and he looked up. Josephine stood beside him.

"Oh, you have come back to tell me good-by."

She sat down beside him, nestled close to him. "No, but to say that I will not tell you good-by." I left my heart here. I can't live without you."



PHOEBE A. HEARST

By MABEL CLARE CRAFT

CALIFORNIA has been fortunate in her women. Her men have been intent on getting wealth; her women equally interested in distributing it. California pioneers gathered easily and spent as they gathered. They were not too scrupulous; they lived recklessly and wore themselves out while in their prime, leaving to their widows huge fortunes. These widows, almost without exception, have turned their backs on society and on display. They have cultivated ideals beyond mere family aggrandizement. Mrs. Phoebe Hearst's ideal has been education.

Like most state universities, California University was poorly endowed. It was richly gifted with land, and it had some productive assets, but it had not been as generously supported as it deserved. Its buildings were ramshackle, and had never, even in youth, been anything but hideous. Its grounds were unkempt and neglected, though its site is one of the most beautiful in the

world. Each Legislature in turn promised to do something for it, but, in the end, the economical country members and the city delegates, more interested in the corner saloon than in the higher education, knifed its appropriation and left it several years behind its needs.

It was in such a crisis that Mrs. Hearst came to save the university. She had been known as an exceedingly gentle and refined woman, an accomplished hostess, a traveler, a club woman, extremely generous and particularly interested in all that pertained to women and children. She had been a generous supporter of kindergartens, boys' clubs, college settlement work and of all that tended to equalize social conditions by raising the submerged third or fourth to a higher level. This work had been done quietly, without blare of trumpets. There were many in her own city who never dreamed that Mrs. Hearst's ideals were beyond those of the ordinary woman of society



Photo by Tabor.

Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst.

who chooses to dabble in charitable work. She had spent much time away from California. While her husband represented California in the United States Senate, Mrs. Hearst made her home in Washington, where her entertainments were justly celebrated. While her son was in Harvard University, Mrs. Hearst spent several winters in Boston. She frequently traveled abroad. In San Francisco, she had been the first president of the Century Club, one of the pioneer clubs for women in the city. At Washington she had been prominent in the Mother's Congress. Her interest in the University of California, with which her fame is so closely bound, began in the women students of the institution.

Mrs. Hearst is essentially a woman's woman. One morning it was announced that Mrs. Hearst had established several fellowships in the University of California—fel-

lowships for young and struggling women students. It was a new departure. Up to that time the women at Berkeley had always felt themselves unwelcome. They were ignominiously referred to as "co-eds," with a divine masculine assumption that education is a part of man's sphere, and that women who aim above mere seminary prattle are venturing where they have no concern. But with this new and powerful ally, the status of the young women began insensibly to change. It was not long before they had formed their own organization of Associated Students. Their counsel came to be asked even in athletic affairs. The fellowships, of course, were eagerly sought. In time they increased in number. The first tie had been knitted between Mrs. Hearst and the University of California.

It was about this time that the agitation for a woman regent of the university was

begun. Hitherto it had never occurred to any one that the growing body of women students needed any representative on the board. It was always presumed—as it is still presumed in larger affairs—that the interests of the women were the same as those of the men, and that the women were adequately represented by the men regents. The result of such representation was that the only place the girls could call their own was the worst room in North Hall. Here the plumbing was always out of order, the stove in continual revolt, the room crowded, dark, ill-smelling and draughty. At luncheon time North Hall was so crowded that one could scarcely move in it, much less find a chair.

when she walked into her first regents' meeting. She was almost mouse-like in her demeanor, though apparently as calm as if she were presiding at her dinner table. For all her grace and graciousness, she knew how to be firm. Sometimes she expostulated at what she considered an unwise move; sometimes she was indignant at what seemed to her an injustice. Always she was resolute, and she ended by being a power in the board. Was there a new president to be selected, send him to Mrs. Hearst on approval. Was there a change under discussion, find out what Mrs. Hearst thought of it. The quiet woman with the sweet face under a Parisian bonnet, and the soft curves



Mrs. Hearst's Country House, "Hacienda del Paso de Verona."

But the opposition to a woman regent was strong. The idea was new and therefore vigorously combated. At last came a liberal governor, James H. Budd, graduate of the university—an opportune vacancy, strong pressure from the women graduates, and Mrs. Hearst the obvious woman for the place. The appointment was a nine days' wonder. Mrs. Hearst had never been generally known as a business woman, though she had taken an active and laborious part in settling and managing her large and complicated estate. She was an instant success. Very quiet in manner and averse to public-speaking, she is not too proud even now to confess that her heart was in her mouth

disguising the firm chin buried in furs, was the real president of that body of lawyers and bankers. Other regents had hinted much and had promised things. Other regents had given bountifully of their time and labor, but banker after banker had died without making the university even his residuary legatee. Mrs. Hearst was the first regent to show her love and faith in practical form.

Mrs. Hearst and her son had planned to give to the university a trades-school. Before the estate was sufficiently settled to permit them to carry out this idea, another benefactor had bequeathed to the regents of the University of California a quarter of a million of dollars to establish a trades-school



Music Room of Mrs. Hearst's Country House.



Vestibule of Mrs. Hearst's Country House.

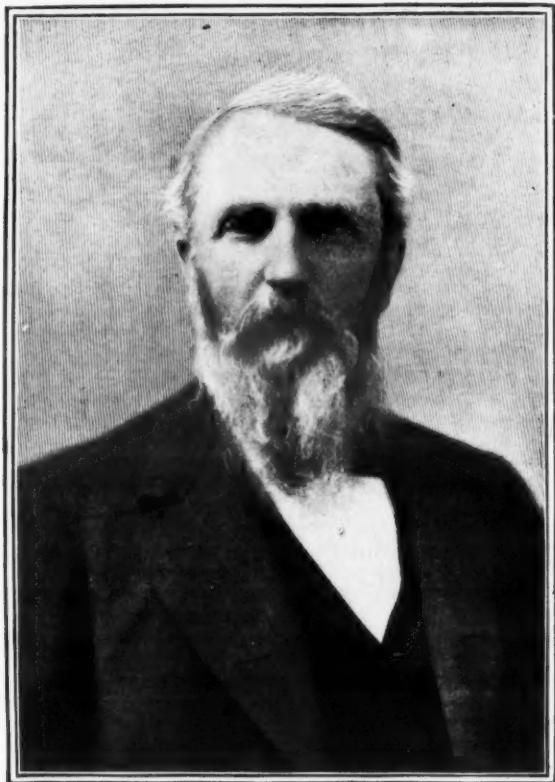


Photo by Taber.

George Hearst.

in San Francisco. Then Mrs. Hearst's eyes were turned toward the university proper.

She is very careful to give due credit to the man who evolved the Hearst Architectural Plan. She tells how Mr. Maybeck, Professor of Architecture at the university, conceived the idea of having a greater university planned all at once, the buildings to be constructed as needed, but the whole to be draughted by one man, thus securing homogeneity of plan and idea. Mrs. Hearst instantly appreciated the beauty and practicality of the plan—a thing many people have not yet been able to grasp—and she decided to adopt it.

Of course, money was needed. The gentlemen with whom Mrs. Hearst talked thought about thirty-five thousand dollars would be necessary. Mrs. Hearst smiled and remarked that she had always found in housekeeping, in dressmaking, in entertain-

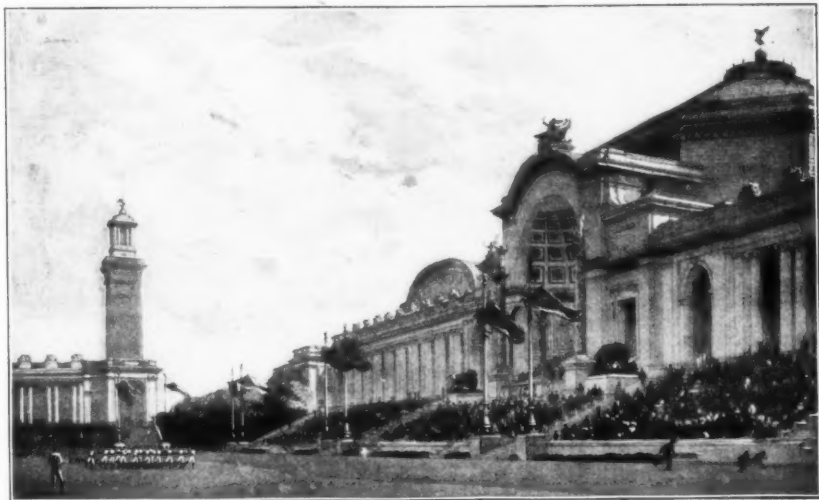
ing, that things cost about three times as much as you expect them to. So she set aside a fund of a hundred thousand dollars for the plans, and the result showed how much more practical was this home-loving woman than these men of affairs.

The success of the Hearst Architectural Plan is a matter of history. A prospectus in several languages, explaining carefully just what was desired, and inviting architects to enter the competition, was sent to every architect of note in the world. Men who had scarcely ever heard of California, and who, if they had, imagined it to be a place of savagery, learned of a great university on the very edge of the western world, and were invited to build for hundreds of generations of American students. All over the world in architectural and artistic circles people began to inquire "Where is Berkeley, California, and who is Mrs. Phoebe Hearst?"

In the beginning Mrs. Hearst had no conception of the great advertisement this competition would be to the institution, though it proved one of the greatest advertisements ever conceived. The preliminary competition of the plans took place at Antwerp. There were ninety-eight competitors, of whom eleven were invited to participate in the second competition. The most elaborate care was taken that the preliminary contest should be fair.

At length preparations were made for the final competition, which was to be held in San Francisco, in the summer of 1899. Mrs. Hearst arranged everything on the finest scale. The jury of visiting architects chosen to pass upon the plans could not have been more richly entertained had they been the guests of royalty in some monarchic country. The acknowledged heads of the profession in England, America, France and Germany were invited at Mrs. Hearst's expense to come and pass upon the plans. They made the long journey from New York to San Francisco in Mrs. Hearst's private car. They

treating some building or group of buildings in detail, both as to exterior and interior views. The utmost secrecy was maintained. No one knew who had drawn the plans. Each architect's plans were signed with a pseudonym, the key to which remained in a sealed envelope until after the competition had been decided. When at last the award was made, and it was announced that M. Bénard, of Paris, had won the coveted prize of ten thousand dollars, San Francisco was more excited than she had ever been over anything pertaining to education. The most obvious thing was that the buildings were immense, and that it would be many years before the university would need them all. Another obvious thing was that to complete the entire plan many millions of dollars would be required. Mrs. Hearst understood these considerations as well as any one. She never intended to build all the structures at once, or to build them any faster than the university needed them. But she did wish to have some plan as a whole accepted by the regents of the University of California, so



Detail of Bénard's Plan Showing Gymnasium and Tribunes.

were fêted and banqueted. Mrs. Hearst entertained them at her magnificent country home; they journeyed through California by private boat and special trains.

The plans had been placed in the great San Francisco ferry building, recently completed. Each architect had submitted a set of plans, dealing with the site as a whole,

that future benefactors of the institution might look at this plan, select the building within their desire, or join with others in building one structure.

After the award had been made, Mrs. Hearst sent for M. Bénard, the prize-winner, brought him from Paris to California that he might see the site of which he had dreamed,

and requested him to modify his plans. He proceeded to do so, making the buildings the proper size for the grounds and for the present and future needs of the institution, changing their position somewhat to suit the slope of the land, cutting out superfluities, such as the second auditorium, contemplated in the plans, and bringing down the highest buildings, planned to crown the first and lowest range of hills. This was a mistake, as M. Bénard readily saw when he gazed at the hills and understood what it would mean for students to climb them between recitations. The observatory, however, will remain to crown the heights as in the original plan, and all the buildings will have the classic air which M. Bénard outlined. The Acropolis in its prime was scarcely more beautiful than the University of California will be as Mrs. Hearst and M. Bénard have planned it.

When the Bénard plans are returned to California, they will be presented to the regents for acceptance. There seems little doubt but that they will be accepted. Mrs. Hearst has no rivals. No other regent has been burning to dedicate a few millions that the University of California may be made into one of the most magnificent seats of learning in the world. Mrs. Hearst will begin at once to build her gift to the university—a mining building to be dedicated to her late husband, who dug his fortune in California's mountains. This building will be the nearest to the entrance to the grounds. In it nothing but Californian materials will be used—the granite from this state, the hard woods from California forests. It will cost Mrs. Hearst a million dollars to complete and endow the building.

About fifty years ago Mrs. Hearst was born in Missouri. Her name was Phoebe Apperson, and she came of good Southern stock, her father a Virginian, her mother a South Carolinian. Her parents and the parents of Mr. Hearst were neighbors, and the little girl, born to the Appersons, was named for Mrs. Hearst, mother of the boy who was to be her husband. Young Hearst went to California, found success, and returned to make his Missouri sweetheart his wife, taking her to California while she was still in girlhood. Before she was twenty, her son was born—the only child she has had. Mrs. Hearst says she regrets that she has had only one child. She would like to have raised a family of sons and daughters, but as she has brought up several nieces, and has educated and reared the children of her kith and

kin, to say nothing of the countless children for whose education she has provided in the kindergartens she has endowed, and the young geniuses she has schooled in Europe, she seems to have done her full personal duty to humanity.

In appearance Mrs. Hearst is slight and not tall. She gives an impression of fragility which is scarcely carried out by her ceaseless activity. Sometimes the nervous exertion tells on her, and she is forced to delegate social duties to her assistants. Although she employs a corps of secretaries, Mrs. Hearst always opens her letters. It is characteristic of the thoroughness of the woman. And this, although her mail runs into hundreds of letters a day. Most of them are begging letters from people who do not know that this sympathetic and charitable woman is too wise to give except through organized channels.

Mrs. Hearst's hair is pale brown, lightly silvered with gray. It is parted at the middle and ripples away at the side in a Madonna-like coiffure very becoming to Mrs. Hearst's benign expression and regular features. The nose is straight, regular and rather small, the eyes large, full and gray, and the forehead well shaped and pronounced in intellectuality. The lips are rather thin, delicately curved and almost colorless. There is very little color in the cheeks.

In spite of her life in the public eye, and the importance which her position has thrust upon her, in spite of the responsibilities of her wealth, Mrs. Hearst has a horror of publicity. She has been interviewed many times, and has been misquoted many times. She cannot see why she cannot be left to lead her life in her own way, and she does not understand why the public should be interested in all she does and says. She is quite sincere in saying that she does not see that she is at all extraordinary. She has not yet realized that an unselfish person, devoted to the public good, with no thought of self and no desire for self-aggrandizement, is the most remarkable being on earth.

Mrs. Hearst is not a monomaniac on the subject of the university plans. That is her main interest in life, but by no means her only one. The place she calls her home is the "Hacienda del Paso de Verona," located in the country not far from San Francisco. It is a magnificent chateau, built in Spanish style, splendidly equipped and furnished. Its creamy walls and red tiles are visible for miles. The stable holds many fine horses and



The Patio at "Hacienda del Paso de Verona."

the kennels, blooded dogs. The interior of the chateau is luxurious. The main rooms are all large, hung with richest tapestries. Splendid Turkish rugs are on the floor; rare Indian baskets from California, soft-toned Navajo blankets and quaint old lanterns hang from the heavy exposed rafters. There are old carved chests, rare bits of bric-a-brac, pictures and statuary. Mrs. Hearst is an enthusiastic collector of antiquities. Outside in the patio, sharp black shadows are vigorously outlined against the light walls. The place is named for the old carved well-curb brought by W. H. Hearst from Verona.

Mrs. Hearst has other homes. This winter she is staying in Berkeley, where she is studying student life and its needs. To do this she rented the largest house in the college town, and then built a twenty-thousand dollar hall adjoining it, especially for entertaining. Here she keeps open house for the students at all times, and once or twice a week she gives large entertainments. She still pays special attention to the women students in whom her interest has never flagged. The lack of social life has always been one of the serious drawbacks of university life.

In the summer Mrs. Hearst will return to her country place, and the big banqueting

hall and music chamber will be removed to the university grounds and fitted up as a woman's gymnasium until a permanent building takes its place.

In San Francisco Mrs. Hearst has a suite of cozy apartments in the Hearst Building; in Washington she still retains her splendid residence; in Mexico she owns a ranch of a million acres in the state of Chihuahua, and here she purposes to build another great hacienda.

The interest which Mrs. Hearst takes in the state university has not drawn her from her allegiance to kindergartens, several of which she has endowed. She is the guardian angel behind the boys' and mothers' clubs. It is she who pays the rent of the building used for social settlement purposes in San Francisco, and she is to build the settlement a permanent home as soon as a suitable site can be found. Many musicians and painters of promise owe their years of study in Europe to her. Such is the woman who is the patron of education in the West—the woman whose high purpose will leave its stamp on generations of Californians yet unborn, for no instrument can measure, and no brain can compute, the influence which the institution she has endowed is destined to have on the citizenship of the West.

TALES OF THE CHEMISTS' CLUB



BY HOWARD FIELDING

VII.—A BIT OF WHITE MAGIC.

MR. GROVE is a self-made millionaire, having begun the active duties of this life as a clerk in a drug store. He had not served long in that humble capacity when he invented a tonic preparation and some very clever ways of advertising it. The combination made a rich man of him before he was thirty. Then he married a Philadelphia girl of excellent family and notable social talents, and she smuggled him into society.

A nephew whom the millionaire tried to assist was a very promising youth named Franklin Grove Russell, whom Mr. Grove received into his household about two years before the date of this story.

The daughter of the house, who was then about seventeen years old, was strongly attracted by Russell's good looks, and as the degree of consanguinity was not sufficient to constitute a bar, there was a disposition in the family to regard a marriage as probable, though Miss Harriet was thought too young to be engaged.

Russell was extremely anxious to have the attachment put upon the basis of an engagement, and it is not sure that his impatience was due to mercenary motives. Unhappily for him, however, his too great eagerness for money developed in another

direction, and he began to rob his benefactor by an ingenious system of forgeries. The inevitable detection came in a year or two, and Russell was saved from a prison cell only by Mr. Grove's amiability. The young man was not forgiven, but he was spared exposure, and was furnished with money to pay his way into a far country, where he might begin over again.

In the summer following the date of this occurrence, the Groves were at their Mount Desert summer home, and it was the scene of unwonted gaiety. Harriet had shown symptoms of melancholy which were attributed by her mother to grief for the loss of the unworthy Russell. To combat this trouble, Mrs. Grove had planned for her daughter a summer of diversions and social triumphs. She had also provided a most eligible young man in the person of Mr. Marshall Benning, who, though dependent for the present upon his father's somewhat scanty allowance, was certain to inherit large wealth within a reasonable time.

Benning was not so handsome a man as Russell, but he possessed a magnificent physique, and had been a great swell at Harvard, in the past three years, because of his success in the sports. His pedigree was be-

yond criticism, even by a Philadelphia matron. Mrs. Grove had definitely decided upon him as a son-in-law, and then she had invited enough other members of the Benning family to prevent the young man's presence from arousing Harriet's suspicions.

The young man fell into the snare, heels over head, but his sighing moved not the heart of the maiden. The truth is that she was of a romantic nature, and Benning seemed too commonplace. He had been heralded as a great personage, and she had found him just like everybody else.

With the love story of the summer this narrative has little to do. It deals, rather, with a darkly mysterious occurrence, or series of occurrences in "The Bowlders"—as Mr. Grove's summer house was named. Early in July, Mrs. Grove missed several articles of jewelry from her apartment. A little later, the rooms occupied by the Bennings were visited with rueful results. On another occasion the guests attending one of Mrs. Grove's social "functions" suffered the loss of various articles left in the cloak rooms.

The circumstances of this latter robbery were very mysterious, for it seemed certainly to involve complicity on the part of some of the servants, yet such was the contradictory nature of the testimony that no rational conclusion could be reached. A man servant in charge of one of the rooms, and a maid on duty in the other, declared that the butler had told them that the housekeeper wished to see them immediately; and so they had left their posts. The housekeeper had given no such orders, and it was conclusively proven that the butler had not been near the cloak rooms at the critical moment; yet several guests who chanced to be upon the main staircase at the time had heard the orders spoken, and one saw a figure which he took to be the butler flit through the upper hall.

Three days later a detective was called in. He came in the guise of an accountant from Mr. Grove's business establishment in Philadelphia, and he brought some formidable ledgers, over which he and Mr. Grove pretended to labor in the library.

There was a ball at the Bowlders shortly after the detective's arrival, and while the dancing was going on in the large drawing-room on the left of the hall, Mr. Hollins, the emissary of justice, sat on the main staircase near the top, and looked down upon as much of the festivity as was visible from that point. From this position, also,

he could see a part of the upper hall leading to the sleeping apartments on the second floor, and shortly before midnight he observed a servant with a little silver tray in his hand, standing just at the end of the corridor, where it branched toward the rear of the house.

Something in the attitude of this man made an impression upon that sixth sense which a detective must possess in order to be successful in his profession. He arose without any appearance of haste, and walked slowly toward the servant, who immediately dropped the silver tray.

It might have seemed an accident to most people, but the detective knew that it was a signal as well as if the servant had told him. He ran along the hall until he came almost to the end of it, and then, hearing a suspicious sound in one of the rooms, he darted through the door.

He was just in time to catch a glimpse of a man escaping into the next room. These were the apartments sacred to the mistress of the mansion. In the first, Hollins saw a dressing table on the top of which were numerous valuable articles arranged as if with a view to suit a thief's convenience.

Hollins did not pause to comment upon this carelessness, so directly at variance with his advice. He passed through the room in two bounds, and as he ran, he had the satisfaction of seeing the thief all the time, for there was a mirror so placed that he could look into it through the door between the two apartments. Hollins saw that the fellow held something tightly clasped in his hand.

The fugitive ran out into the hall, and, turning to the left, opened a door that let him into the billiard room which was in a rearward wing of the house. It occupied all the second floor of this wing except a space at the end, which Mr. Grove had partitioned off, and fitted up as a sort of laboratory. He had no sooner passed the door than Hollins was upon him. The two men fell heavily against a table near the centre of the room, and the thief's head struck with great violence upon a slender iron pillar beside which the table had been set.

He lay perfectly still upon the floor. Hollins lit a match, and scrutinized his captive by the light of it. The man seemed to be stunned, but not seriously injured. One of his hands was tightly clenched, doubtless holding a bit of jewelry taken from Mrs. Grove's room.

"I'll leave it that way," said Hollins to

himself. "Probably I can get Mr. Grove up here before the fellow comes to."

Hollins dragged the prisoner around until he lay with a leg on either side of the iron pillar, and then secured his feet with a pair of handcuffs.

Having attended to this matter, the detective went out into the billiard room. Immediately he saw Miss Harriet Grove standing in the doorway at the other end.

"What has happened?" she asked.

"I have caught the thief," replied Hollins. "He is in the laboratory. If you'd be so kind as to stand here while I go and get your father, it would prevent any one's going into the laboratory, and it would be much better than calling a servant."

"If anything happens, I can't do anything but scream," said she, and he told her that nothing better could be desired, adding that her sentry duty would be a matter of only a few minutes.

Some time had elapsed before Mr. Grove and Hollins reached the door of the billiard room. They saw Harriet coming toward them.

"I ventured as far as the laboratory door, to listen," said she. "There was no sound."

"No one has been here?" queried Hollins.

"Absolutely no one," she answered.

"I think you had better return to our guests," said Mr. Grove. "If you get a good chance, tell your mother what has happened. Mr. Hollins, suppose we have a look into Mrs. Grove's room, and see what is missing, before we talk with the thief?"

"You look," said Hollins, "and I'll wait here."

Harriet, obeying her father, hastened down to the ball-room, where her absence had begun to be remarked. Mr. Grove went upon his errand into his wife's room, and Hollins remained on guard.

Presently he was joined by Mr. Grove, who announced that the thief had taken only one article, so far as he could discover. This was a jewel that was always called "grandmother's diamond." It was a stone of about four carats weight, and remarkable for purity and lustre. It was set in a slender, plain gold ring, and was always kept in a little box of its own when not in use. This box Mr. Grove had found empty on the floor, on the threshold of the door between Mrs. Grove's bed-room and boudoir.

"It was that ring," said the detective, "which the thief held in his hand as he ran. You'll have it in two minutes."

They entered the laboratory, and Mr.

Grove immediately pressed a button in the wall that lighted some electric lamps in a chandelier. This illumination disclosed the thief lying just where Hollins had left him. His face was somewhat shadowed by the table, but Mr. Grove at once recognized his graceless relative, Franklin Grove Russell.

The detective took hold of the tightly closed hand of the prisoner and pried it open. There was nothing in it. This surprised Hollins considerably, but not so much as it might had he not noticed that the captive was now fully conscious. He was feigning to be still suffering from the blow on the head, for motives of his own.

"Frank," said Mr. Grove, in a grieved, rather than an angry, tone, "why have you done this thing?"

The young man perceived that it was time for him to wake up, and he did so with a very fair counterfeit of the natural process.

"Why have I done what?" he demanded, when Mr. Grove had repeated his question. "I haven't done anything. I was merely waiting for a chance to see you when this fellow attacked me like an Indian. I ran out here, and he caught me and struck me with an axe, I should think, and that's all I know about it."

He sat up on the floor and rubbed his head with one hand. His manner was that of one deeply aggrieved.

"How is this, Mr. Hollins?" demanded Mr. Grove. "The mere fact that my nephew was in my house without my knowledge would not give you a right to treat him in this manner."

In reply to this, Hollins stated the exact facts of the case.

"When we find the ring," said he, in conclusion, "that will settle the case."

"You'll find no ring on me," rejoined the prisoner, sharply. "You're at liberty to search me."

And Hollins searched him with professional thoroughness, but he did not find the ring.

"He has thrown it away," was the conclusion which the detective announced. "We shall find it either here or in the billiard room. I am absolutely certain that he had it when he ran out of the hall. Even if he had dropped it in the billiard room, I should have heard it rattle on the floor. It is here."

Hollins began a search of the room, and the task was not difficult, for the place was not much littered up. There was no open window; there was no hole or crevice into

which the prisoner, by a lucky shot, could have thrown the ring. As the prisoner had been fastened to the pillar all the time he could have exercised his ingenuity only in a small radius, most of which was merely a space of bare and polished floor.

He could have reached the table with his hands, and therefore the detective examined everything that stood on top of it with the greatest care. He even investigated the contents of a teapot from which Mr. Grove had refreshed himself during his labors on the previous afternoon—and he poured out the lumps of sugar from a little silver bowl. There was some debris of broken instruments upon the table, as a result of the shock of the two men when they fell. A thermometer and barometer had fallen together into a saucer, with a wreck of glass and an outpouring of quicksilver; but among this small ruin Hollins searched in vain.

He was still at work when Mrs. Grove, Harriet, and Mr. Benning came in. The guests had gone; for Hollins' search had lasted nearly two hours.

It was probably with something like satisfaction that Mrs. Grove beheld Russell a second time disclosed for the rascal that he was, and it would not be strange if Benning shared this sentiment. He believed that Harriet still cherished some regard for Russell, even if it were no more than pity, and in a certain sense the man was thus his rival. That was not a subject to which Benning could by any possibility have alluded, but it was destined to have a bearing on the events of the night.

When Mrs. Grove had verified Harriet's report of the loss of the ring, and Mr. Grove had described the failure of Hollins to find it, the detective felt himself to be in an uncomfortable position, and out of his desperation he spoke thus:

"Mr. Grove, I am positively certain that this man had that ring in his hand when he came into this room. I am also certain that it is not here now. Miss Grove says no one came in here to take it away; but some one must have come in. Who? Is there any one who had an interest in this man? Is there any one who tried to help him when he was in trouble before, and who might have made the mistake of doing it again?"

He glanced at Harriet, of whose attachment for Russell he had of course heard. There was a dead silence for a minute.

"Do you mean to say," said Mr. Grove, slowly, "that you think my daughter came in here and took the ring from this

man in order to destroy evidence against him?"

"I don't like to say that," said Hollins, "but if she didn't, who did? The ring was here, and now it's gone."

"You are talking absurdly," exclaimed Harriet. "How could I know that Mr. Russell was the—the man?"

"You came over to this door," said Hollins. "He might have spoken."

Benning looked at Russell, naturally expecting that the man would say something to relieve Harriet of this unpleasant suspicion. But Russell, who was sitting on the floor, seemed rather to enjoy this novel complication. Indeed, it was distinctly in his favor since it would very likely prevent any public accusation.

"The fellow is a cad of the worst kind," said Benning, not intending to speak aloud.

Harriet heard him, however, and seemed not to relish the statement. Meanwhile Russell was protesting to Mr. and Mrs. Grove that he had got into the house merely to speak with them. He had a chance to go into business in New York, and had come all the way to Bar Harbor to plead for Mr. Grove's permission, advice and assistance.

"As to the diamond," said Benning, "I've heard, don't you know, that thieves—that is, that persons sometimes swallow them when desiring to conceal them. I merely suggest it, you know, and—and—"

"He couldn't very well swallow the ring, you know," said the detective, gently, and Harriet cast upon Benning a look that scorned his stupidity.

"I believe that Mr. Russell's story is quite true," said she, "and I think he has been badly used. He ought not to be kept in the position in which he now is."

Hollins, at a sign from Mr. Grove, released Russell, and he got upon his feet, but the detective remained close to his elbow, and watched his every movement.

"I am sorry if an injustice has been done you," said Mr. Grove, kindly, "and I will certainly make amends for it. If you came here on a harmless errand—though your coming violates your agreement with me—I will hear what you have to say. Suppose we all go down to the smoking-room and—"

"We haven't found the ring, you know," suggested Benning.

"And we shall not find it here," said Harriet. "In my opinion, one of the servants has it, and Frank is quite innocent."

The use of Mr. Russell's christian name—or a part of it—produced an effect upon

all present. Russell grinned; Mr. and Mrs. Grove exchanged a grieved glance; the detective nodded as one who says, "I told you so," and Benning's face assumed a look of stern and desperate resolution.

"Mr. Grove," said Benning, "do you know, I believe that I can think out this puzzle."

As he spoke, his face lighted up with a sudden flash of inspiration.

"I want to ask you, as a chemist, Mr. Grove," said he, "if it isn't true that mercury will dissolve gold?"

"Why, yes; it forms an amalgam with it," replied Grove.

"Well—er—you know," stammered Benning, "doesn't it seem strange to you that almost all the mercury from those instruments should just happen to fall into that saucer. Suppose—only suppose, you know—that Mr. Russell, while Mr. Hollins was gone, lighted that electric lamp on the table, and, seeing that some glass had been broken, added slightly to the wreck by breaking the big thermometer and the barometer and pouring the mercury into that saucer. There'd be enough of it to take up that little gold ring, wouldn't there?"

"Plenty," said Mr. Grove, glancing at the saucer.

"Well, couldn't you evaporate it, or do something with it, to find out whether the gold is there?" asked Benning.

"Mercury doesn't dissolve diamonds," sneered Russell. "You forget the stone."

"The stone might be in the tea," suggested Benning.

"That's nonsense," said Mr. Grove. "Tea has no effect on a diamond."

"And I've poured all that's in the urn through the strainer into the hot water pot and back again," said Hollins, "and have examined the grounds."

"Nevertheless," replied Benning, "I'm going to look for the diamond in a cup of tea."

While all stood round the table, Benning poured (through the strainer) a quantity of tea into a cup which he previously wiped clean. As he did so, he assumed the air of a conjurer in a parlor entertainment, and in furtherance of this idea, he put in a big lump of sugar, and solemnly stirred the tea with a spoon.

"We will now pour it back through the strainer into the teapot," said Benning, suiting the action to the words.

The fluid passed through as he poured slowly, and as the last of it vanished, there

appeared a flash of light in the little silver strainer. It was the diamond which lay there glittering in the light of the electric lamps.

"Do you see this little penknife, ladies and gentlemen?" said Benning. "It's yours, isn't it, Mr. Grove? And you left it on the table this afternoon. Very convenient. The nicks in the end of the blade show that Mr. Russell had some difficulty in prying open the setting of the diamond, but the point was sharp enough to permit him to hollow out the sides of two lumps of sugar, and by melting the edges in the flame of the alcohol lamp that goes with your tea set, Mr. Grove, he made the two lumps stick together, with the diamond inside. That resulted in the very large lump from which his eyes were never removed while it was in sight—before I put it into the tea. I'm not much of a detective, but I know that when a fellow looks at one thing all the time, there's something in it. And I also know that accidents like the spilling of that mercury into that saucer don't usually happen."

"You're a good enough detective for me," said Hollins, too pleased by the result to experience professional jealousy. "What do you say, Russell? You might as well own up."

For answer, Russell sprang upon Benning—whose back happened to be turned at that moment while he whispered something to Harriet—and struck him a terrible blow on the back of the head.

"Coward!" exclaimed Harriet, as Benning reeled over, almost into her arms, and the tone of the voice with which she finally denounced Russell for what he was, was worth to Benning the pain of a dozen such blows as he had received.

Hollins overpowered Russell, who was attempting to escape by the door, and the handcuffs that had been on his ankles were on his wrists in half a minute.

"Take this man away, Mr. Hollins," said Grove; "I am done with him. Lock him up. Mr. Benning, I am very grateful to you for having brought this criminal to justice."

"If you really are," said Benning, simply, "you'll send him away again, and escape all the muss of a trial, and that sort of thing. He'll stay away this time."

"As you ask it, I will show him mercy once more," said Grove. "You arrange it, Hollins, and get the fellow away. I will supply any money you need."

Russell was removed, and Harriet did not look at him as he went out. She was busy

bathing the sore spot on Benning's head and incidentally curing the sore spot that had been in his heart for some weeks.

On the following day Mr. Grove extracted from the mercury that has been mentioned the gold that had formed "grandmother's ring," and Mr. Hollins extracted from the servant that had dropped the silver tray a full confession of his complicity with Russell.

(No. VIII of "Tales of the Chemists' Club" will appear in the May issue.)

TOPICS OF THE THEATRE

A SPIRING dramatists, of whom there are 207,560 in New York alone, according to an unofficial estimate, had occasion to learn something of the chances of the theatre during the first week in February. This week, the busiest in the final half of this season, saw the production of four plays and one farce. One of the five proved an outright failure, one a straight success. The

other three, with luck and careful nursing, may retrieve at least the money invested on them. All these pieces came from the pens of known authors and were acted by competent and familiar cast. In truth, two of them were saved from prompt ruin only by the work of the casts. Now, is it wonderful that managers should be the most skeptical of men, that they should avoid the unknown dramatist as a contamination? What is to be hoped for from him when the playwrights of degree and fame are so fickle?

"When We Were Twenty-one," the success of this batch of plays, was written for Nat Goodwin and Maxine Elliott by Henry V. Esmond, the author of the long-dead "Courtship of Leonie," "A Summer Day," and the lately demised "My Lady's Lord." How Mr. Goodwin could stake faith in a dramatist of so stout a series of failures must be perfectly clear to Mr. Goodwin and to Mr. Esmond. The result, however, has justified the actor's confidence and changed the luck of the playwright. Mr. Goodwin has a part that suits him better than any he has had in the plays written for him since "In Mizoura." The title of the play has been taken from that quaint and tender ballad by Thackeray made after Béranger's "*Dans un grenier qu'on est bien à vingt ans.*" Mr. Goodwin, as *Richard Carewe*, risks his reputation and the esteem of the woman he loves to save the son of his dead friend from the snares of a ballet dancer. The son has married the dancer clandestinely, which *Carewe* learns only after going all the bitter length to save him. The risk, nevertheless, does not damage the fair fame of *Carewe* as it most probably would in real life. Everybody understands *Carewe's* purpose, as is necessary in the



Rockwood photo.

W. S. Hart.

As MESSALA in "Ben-Hur."



Savory photo.

Ada Rehan.

Ada Rehan returns to the stage in March, supported by several members of the old Daly Company in the Daly repertory.

limits of the drama, and he wins the woman he loves. The ballet dancer, becoming aware that the final curtain must soon fall, has an inspiration and runs away to France with a lover. Her twenty-one year old husband is consequently rid of her. The audience rises satisfied to know that vice has fled abashed before the immaculate scutcheon of *Richard Carewe*; that virtue has been rewarded, and that the young man of twenty-one, who has just cut his wisdom teeth, will probably wed a sweet, innocent girl who knows that he is without fear and without reproach.

"When We Were Twenty-one" is not a great play, not even a true picture of life; yet it is pre-eminently a successful play. It contains the just proportions of tenderness, of humor, of dramatic action. It is of the same school as "Brother Officers" and "Miss

Hobbs." Such dramatic compositions show life as it were through the prettily toned vistas of a Bertha M. Clay imagination. The characters look as we should wish to look if we did not earn our living as we do; they laugh and weep as we do, and they fall into such love scrapes as we should love to encounter if we knew we would emerge safe and sound. The higher critics rebel against such plays because of the false view they give of life. "To see real people and real life in drama," they cry, "see Ibsen. Avoid marionette shows. They sap the elements of the soul." The critics might just as well try to persuade children to keep away from a Punch and Judy booth and urge them, if they wished to see a true picture of marital infelicity, to study "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Who can say that the acted drama,

instead of being, as supposed, a very high intellectual force, is not rather a marionette show for grown-ups? What is the use of trying to impress it then to a purpose of which it is incapable? The most realistic scene ever set is a sham. The greatest actor that ever strutted is, in fact, a marionette. The greatest play ever written has been cramped, cribbed and confined within the paint and canvas walls of the stage. The taste of the public has hedged the acted drama within these narrow confines. They shall remain rigorous and unchanged until the public declares "the open door."

"The Ambassador," by John Oliver Hobbs (Mrs. Craigie), was awaited with considerable interest because of the author's interesting novelettes, and because of her known facility of epigram. "The Ambassador" is sumptuously mounted and the company distinguished. That is about all that can be said of "The Ambassador" as a play. It has neither the attraction of character illustration nor of cumulative force of action. The staging of the piece merits unmeasured praise; and the costumes of the women in the cast are brilliant. The dialogue, brilliant as is the dialogue of Mrs. Craigie by repute, unfortunately suffers in the sheen of the ladies' gowns.

"The stage debases literature whenever the two consort," was said by one of those disagreeable men born with a faculty for ex-



Anna Held.
In "Papa's Wife."



Schloss photo.
Gertrude Gheen.
In "When We Were Twenty-One."

pressing thoughts that we believe the less because we know there is some truth in them. He and his words spring uncomfortably to mind when Olga Nethersole's production of "Sapho" is under consideration. If there were any act of expiation for sacrilege of an author's masterpiece and for insult to an intelligent public, Olga Nethersole and Clyde Fitch should be jointly pilloried to make such expiation. The whole game of preparation and production, in the city that is supposed to seal the reputation for a play, was characterized by the clean and hustling methods of an accomplished dive-keeper. And, judging from the newspapers during

the week after the first night, one would think that all New York was standing agape at "Sapho" like a bunch of rustics before a Bowery barker. Yet if credulous folks beyond the limits of Greater New York thought that the city had stopped business to yield undivided attention to "Sapho," as produced by Olga Nethersole, they have read the papers believing— a perilous habit.

Olga Nethersole's "Sapho" can not be regarded as a play made from Daudet's novel, since the dramatist has but forged the characters and the incidents to serve a pitifully meretricious *motif*. Olga Nethersole has achieved a success of cheap scandal. This success is worthy of remark for the reason that Olga Nethersole has been steadily striving during the past few years to secure a place in the first rank of our actresses. Ours, one may say, because Miss Nethersole's latest tour in England only confirmed her belief that the United States is her field. She has not risen steadily since her introduction to American audiences. Her only real conquest was as Paula in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray." Her *Carmen* was a forerunner of *Sapho*, her *Denise* and *Camille* good, but far from great. Indeed, her reputation was of the first water when Miss Nethersole came into this country. We had the evidence of her advance agent for it; now we have the evidence of our own eyes.



Ada Merito.

Irving Place Theatre Company.

Roselle Knott.
Windcatty photo.

As LYDIA in "Quo Vadis."

*Fowler photo.*
Ellen Gail.

In "The Surprises of Love."

"Hearts Are Trumps," the new melo-drama from Drury Lane, has been built by Arthur Collins and Cecil Raleigh by the Drury Lane specific known so favorably for so many years. "Hearts Are Trumps" has a story to unfold, you may be sure; but the story is

not nearly so important or interesting as the scenes in which it is unfolded. One of the scenes is a children's fête at the Botanical Gardens; another, the Royal Academy, in which an artist's picture is exhibited without the artist's knowledge of the honor; another, a fashionable dressmaking establishment; another, the interior of a music hall, and, noblest triumph of all, a scene in the Alps, showing a climbing tragedy and an avalanche. In view of such scope of scenery, it seems a trifle hazardous to be outspoken on the subject of the narrow confines of the stage.

"Coralie & Co., Dressmakers," is another of the Palais Royal farces, a rehash of the



Miss Ben-Yusuf photo.

Florence Kahn.

Leading Lady of "The Course of Modern Plays," and engaged to support Richard Mansfield next season.

same unsavory elements that have served French farce makers from immemorial days. It is a question whether Americans are not getting tired of these farces. It is a more serious question whether such farces have ever been popular outside of the larger cities. No good women, and few of the other

sort, have an inordinate appetite for the ingredients necessary to such farces. A great many men go to the theatre to oblige their wives or to have the society of their wives to be. Admitting that double this number of men go to the theatre to please themselves, how long can they stand the



Path photo.

Edward Morgan, as BEN-HUR.

Palais Royal fare? To enjoy these farces at all one must have a constant liking for the kind of stories two men will whisper in a crowded car as a prelude to uproarious laughter. The man who laughs heartiest over this kind of a story will tell you that there is none that drops on the brain so quickly. When it does drop, it drops like lead. Three hours of this entertainment for a normal, seasoned man will last for a year. What pleasure sane, decent women derive from this type of farce a woman of penetration might discover. The whole matter of the prosperity of such pieces is another argument in the contention that it takes all kinds to make a theatre-going population just as it takes all kinds to make a world.

The Course of Modern Plays in which Florence Kahn has played the leading rôles, has done much to make a reputation for so gifted an actress, even as she has done her share towards the success of the series. As a result of Miss Kahn's work, she has been

engaged by Richard Mansfield to support him next season. Meantime Miss Kahn remains with the Course of Modern Plays. Her next appearance will be in a powerful drama from the Russian of Alexander Ostrovsky, entitled "The Storm."

Next to achieving repute when she is quite unknown, the most difficult undertaking for an actress is to win a new and solidier fame in despite of the old. Anna Held has succeeded in accomplishing the next to impossible. As a *chanteuse* she was the "Idol of Paris" and a nine days' wonder in New York. She was photographed eight hours a day, press-ridden and bathed in milk. It was all so terribly earnest that the shadow of ridicule crept in view. Then some one told Anna Held of Cissy Fitzgerald and her moth-like fame, and what became of her—if the someone knew. Anna Held saw the moral and sat down to make herself a comedienne. Her career is a study for every pretty actress that hates work.